

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Major and Mrs. Benjamin Welles, Now In Peking

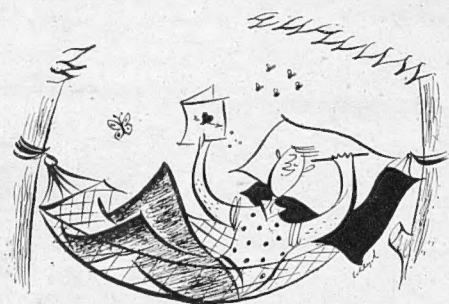
Major Benjamin Welles is the elder son of Mr. Sumner Welles, the famous American diplomat who visited Europe as President Roosevelt's special representative in 1940. In January he married the former Mrs. Max Aitken, who is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Glencairn Monteith. She served with the W.V.S. during the first part of the war, and later went with SHAEF to Paris. Her husband, who served with the U.S. Forces in Europe, is now the correspondent of the *New York Times* in Peking, which they reached in May. They are already taking a prominent part in the social life of that city, and, among other activities, have met Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek and attended a reception given for Dr. Wellington Koo



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THOUGH it is still early, a haze hangs over London. It promises a day fit for no effort greater than thinking of a love-letter, at once tender, witty and tantalizingly elusive, that one probably would not be able to write, even if one could think of a worthy destination. Instead I sit here sweating out rhyming alexandrines, trying to capture that lovely ripple across the page which Molière achieved with such apparent ease in the divertissements he wrote for Louis XIV's junketings with Henriette d'Angleterre.

And when I feel defeated by my clumsy



attempts, there is the dispatch to be arranged of objects to the Regency Exhibition in the Brighton Pavilion. A pair of lamps for instance—polished steel columns rising from ormolu bases carved with masks, and bursting out into ormolu again at the top. Nobody could deplore more than I the maddening fashion of today for every bit of trumpery which passes for Regency—the clumsy 1850 table so thickly inlaid with metal it might be an iron-clad rather than a piece of furniture, the absurd little 1830 fairing worth half a crown, and proudly bought by some silly rich woman for five guineas. The Regency was an epoch of a taste as unreliable as the temper of the Regent. But at its best, in some of His Majesty's furniture at Buckingham Palace, in the book-bindings, the porcelain made by Flight Barr and Barr at Worcester, the architecture of the Pavilion, and such objects as these lamps, how wonderful it could be!

The Regent

BUT then, the Regent himself was a man of outstanding taste, even if not all of it was good. It is all very well in *The First Gentleman* to caricature him as an ogre villainously opposing little Charlotte's marriage to her odious Leopold. We can wax indignant over the exclusion of the unfortunate Queen Caroline from the Coronation ceremony, and indeed the whole procedure of her trial. But I fancy any husband of hers was to be pitied quite as much as she, and she certainly behaved in Italy far more indecorously than did the Prince at Brighton.

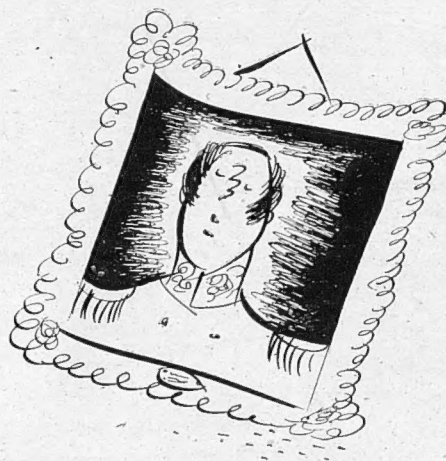
I always like the story of the Duke of Wellington—throughout the sordid row a supporter of the Prince less from inclination—

the Prince's character maddened him—than from a conviction of what was right—when stopped in the Oxford Road by a pro-Caroline crowd. Surrounding his coach, they called upon the Duke to give three cheers for the Queen. The very prospect turned the ducal stomach; but the bullies grew threatening, made to snatch the horses out of their shafts. At last Wellington gave in. "Three cheers for Queen Caroline," he growled, "and may all your wives and daughters be like her!"

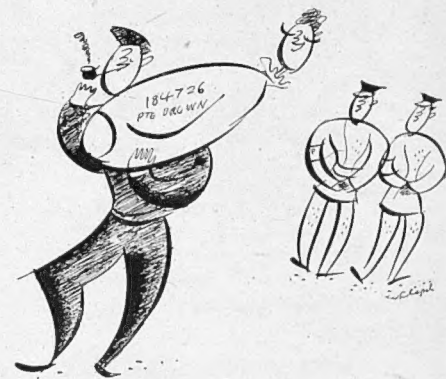
Thackeray's Distortions

THE trouble is, we still tend to take our view of the Prince Regent from the dishonest little middle-class estimate of Thackeray. Granted the technical brilliance of *Vanity Fair* how little more there is to be said for the man! Spite and philistinism, complacency and snobbery, fight for possession of his character with a fury that might be fascinating, but turns out merely to be repulsive. He mocked at the rich till he was successful, then fawned upon them; he distorted history to flatter the American audiences to whom he first delivered the *Four Georges* as lectures; and he dwelt upon the misery caused by Royal extravagance, when outside the lecture halls the Industrial Revolution was creating such misery as the world had never seen before.

How could such a man comprehend the Prince's good points? He may have run up



fantastic debts, and lied over his marriage to Maria Fitzherbert. He may even have rode to Windsor in his cups, to laugh at the mad antics of his poor old father. But much of this can, I think, be excused by an hereditary streak of eccentricity, to use no harder word, which was very strong in him. Against this dark page we must set his kindness and gaiety, his bursts of almost embarrassing generosity, his share in founding the National Gallery, the beauty with which he endowed London, and which we are so busily destroying.

*The Disguised Paramour*

I WAS somewhat touched by the story of the British soldier in the Army of Occupation, who fell in love with a pretty German girl and smuggled her back to England, disguised as a boy. It evokes for me the strange episode in the correspondence of "Madame" the Duchesse d'Orleans.

Once, when Louis XIV's court was at Fontainebleau, the crowd of guests and courtiers was so great some had to be accommodated in tents in the forest. On a morning's walk, "Madame" passed the tent of a Count Koenigsmarck, a member of that handsome, ill-starred family that caused and suffered so much tragedy in its day. At the door of the tent, dressed as a boy, but with long brown hair floating down her shoulders, stood one of the prettiest girls "Madame" had ever clapped eyes on. She was an English miss of good family, who had fallen madly in love with the handsome Swede and, defying her family, had followed him to France disguised as a boy. She died, unless I am mistaken, at Vienna the following year, in childbirth, when Koenigsmarck was on his way to fight the Turks. Caroline Lamb was also given to dressing up as a boy, on her surreptitious visits to Byron.

I suppose on principle we should still deplore Anglo-German marriages, but in this particular case of the ex-soldier and his love they seem to have behaved from the Press accounts with such dignity in court, to be such genuine victims of misfortune, I only hope all eventually comes right for them. . . .

The Cult of Beams

THE other day I had occasion to visit a manor house not far from where I live, and locally supposed to be a "show place." Dim memories of my childhood conjured up a classical façade of the late seventeenth century, facing a pretty stretch of river, by a stone bridge with a statue on it. One went down a sinuous drive, till suddenly one came upon the house, golden, basking in the sun, externally as pretty as I remembered it. But alas! What disappointments lurked inside. One unlucky day some thirty years ago, the previous owner had discovered that the

Restoration shell hid Elizabethan beams and inglenooks in profusion. Out he whipped the gracious panelling, the antique shops of England were ransacked for hulking bits of oak, and pewter like February skies; now the manor is hardly distinguishable from a road-house on the by-pass.

How strange it is that until recently the architecture of the Tudors and of the first James was considered to be the ultimate standard of beauty and respectability. Of course, here and there you see a house of that epoch which is a wonder—Hardwicke, for instance, the Wolsey façade of Hampton Court, and the exterior of Longleat. But on the whole what dark clumsiness, what a mad hotch-potch of Dutch, German and French motifs, what a misunderstanding of Italian!

Yet I know of a retired ambassador who acquired a charming little late eighteenth-century house, with pert bow windows and a neat little porch. One day some workman discovered an oak beam of a previous age behind the wainscoting. His Excellency was like a tiger on to it. Away went the bow windows. The discreet mantelpieces were cast off. In their place came stone arches to bump your head against, and bulbous tables to trip over. Then someone lit upon what might have been a piece of a Gothic arch. The parish records proved that the little house stood on the site of a Cistercian monastery. The latched doors, the casement windows followed the panelling to limbo, in their place an ambulatory began to arise. The last I heard, the ambassador, in the course of his second alterations, had come upon a fragment of Roman paving. . . .



Italo-American Garden

BUT to revert to the defiled Restoration manor house. Perhaps the most fascinating thing about it was not the interior, but the garden. The former owner in his day—about 1915 I should judge—had been esteemed almost the finest gardener in the kingdom. I fancy I have seen no other examples of his work, but henceforward I shall look for them with passion. Because the garden evoked a Sunday afternoon spent with any American family in their villa on Fiesole, who are crazy about Art.

Here in the luscious English landscape were the pointless loggias, the well-heads, the nice-minded terminal figures lurking in the bushes, the colonnades leading nowhere, the sarcophagi. One almost heard the intense conversations about Taddeo di Bartolo, the plans being made for the excursion to Borgo San Sepulchro, the Bostonian spinster telling of her ivory piéta, from which the feet have been almost kissed away by the devout across the centuries. . . .



Mrs. E. H. Keeling, wife of the Mayor of Westminster, Mrs. Pollack, Lady Clayton, who is the widow of Brig.-Gen. Sir Gilbert Clayton, a former High Commissioner and C.-in-C. in Iraq, and Lady Mitchell



Sir Nigel Davidson, who was a former Counsellor to the High Commissioner of Iraq, Lady Cox, Mrs. Compton and Lady Clayton



An informal garden party was recently given at Hurlingham in honour of the young King Feisal of Iraq. Above, King Feisal is seen taking tea with the Princess Catherine of Greece

Garden Party for King Feisal at Hurlingham



WRNS and sailors who acted as programme sellers at the special matinee



Mrs. Vera Biggs with Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty

Special Matinee of "The Song of Norway" in Aid of

James Out of Step

I HAVE been amusing myself by collecting notices of Lubitsch's new film, *Cluny Brown*, the only non-French picture which has made me laugh in the last six months. I wrote about this last week:

I confess that my heart sank when *Cluny Brown* opened with Jennifer Jones sitting on the floor doing a bit of plumbing. For a few minutes uncertainty reigned and then Jennifer was packed off to be parlour-maid in a large house. Apparently she travelled first-class, since in the carriage with her was Aubrey Smith and a dog, and the trio became great friends. The house Jennifer was going to belonging to a friend of Aubrey's, Jennifer presently found herself mistaken for a guest. And then the fun started. For the English country house turned out to be not realistic at all but a pure Lubitsch creation. In other words, from the moment when Jennifer put on her cap and apron the theatre rocked with fun. Never have the English been satirized more gently and more devastatingly. Let me insist that here is a piece of pure wit. Even so, there is nothing better in it than the remark addressed to me as I was coming out by a critic with whom the picture had obviously failed: "Bit of a travesty, what?" And one of us went out into Leicester Square shaking his long ears.

James Agard

AT

Now let me see what the other film-critics have had to say:

Lejeune in the *Observer*:

Cluny Brown seems to me such an affront to common sense, intelligence, and good taste that I shall do little more than express sympathy with that beguiling young actress, Jennifer Jones, who has been doomed to appear in it. The film has been produced and directed by Ernst Lubitsch with all the inverted snobbery of which Hollywood at its worst is capable, and under an air of spurious gaiety manages to impart quite a startling amount of misinformation about British life and character.

Dilys in the *Sunday Times*:

Cluny Brown, with Jennifer Jones and Charles Boyer, describes with insufferable archness the romance of a comic English housemaid caught up in the comic feudal system which, as every Hollywood boy

knows, is the backbone of English society. At the risk of flattery I will call this film, tedious, vulgar and insulting.

Kay Quinlan in the *Sunday Empire News*:

It would be difficult to imagine a more infuriating picture of the English than this Lubitsch-directed film offers. The aristocracy are represented as idle, nit-witted snobs, patronizing and pompous. The lower orders are snobs, too, in their way, and, of course, comic-smug, self-satisfied fools.

Dudley Carew in *The Times*:

In this fantastic English scene there is nothing solid enough to serve as a basis for ridicule, nothing funny in itself, and quite a little to offend.

Richard Winnington in the *News Chronicle*:

Cluny Brown is the most fatuous film I have seen in years. A sort of senile archness indicates the intentions to be in the direction of satire, at the expense of moronic pre-war



Major H. G. Conroy, 4/15th Punjab Regiment, who received the D.S.O. and M.C., with his wife



Rear-Admiral J. R. Cundall, C.B.E., with his wife after receiving his decoration



Cmdr. R. M. J. Hutton, R.N., of Basingstoke, who was decorated with the C.B.E., and his son

Some of The People who Received Decorations



The Bishop of London's Appeal for Church Reconstruction

Leslie Banks, Dame Irene Vanbrugh and
Mrs. Leslie Banks

The Bishop of London with the stars of the show, Janet Hamilton
Smith, John Hargreaves, Arthur Servent and Halina Victoria

THE PICTURES

Englishmen who laughed Hitler off until he made them angry.

Patrick Kirwan in the *Evening Standard*:

Even Homer, we are told, was apt to nod, and Ernst Lubitsch, who was once our wittiest director, seems to have taken a good long nap in the making of his latest production. There is wit, but it is mirthless; character, but always dangerously near caricature.

WHAT has happened to everybody's sense of humour? "A startling amount of misinformation about British life and character?" Does Lejeune imagine that British governesses are in the habit of depositing manuscripts in bassinettes and babies of the male sex in somewhat old but capacious handbags. Can our Dilys think of no earlier masterpiece in which the "comic feudal system" is represented as the "backbone of English society"? Can she have forgotten

Robertson's "Marquiss"? "The Marquis is paralysed. I left him at Spa with three physicians. He always is paralysed at this time of the year; it is in the family. The paralysis is not personal, but hereditary." Kay Quinlan's "The lower orders are snobs, too, in their way." I close my eyes and once more hear Sam Gerridge saying: "To think of 'is comin' back alive from India, just as I am goin' to open my shop. Perhaps he'll get me the patronage of the Royal Family.' It would look stunnin' over the door, a lion and a unicorn a-standin' on their 'ind legs, doin' nothin' furiously, with a lozenge between 'em." Carew is offended? His grandfather, a pixie tells me, was offended by *The Tuggs at Ramsgate*. Fatuous, dear Winnington? What about that film in which Miss Lockwood, masked and saying "woof-woof" in a deep voice, held up a stage-coach? Patrick Kirwan's "Dangerously near caricature." But the film is meant to be caricature! Perhaps my colleagues, reading Ronald Firbank, would have ran-

sacked the Telephone Directory to see whether a woman who desired to have a commemorative window in a cathedral could possibly be called Shamefoot. Or accused him of being dangerously near caricature in that exquisite snatch of dialogue:

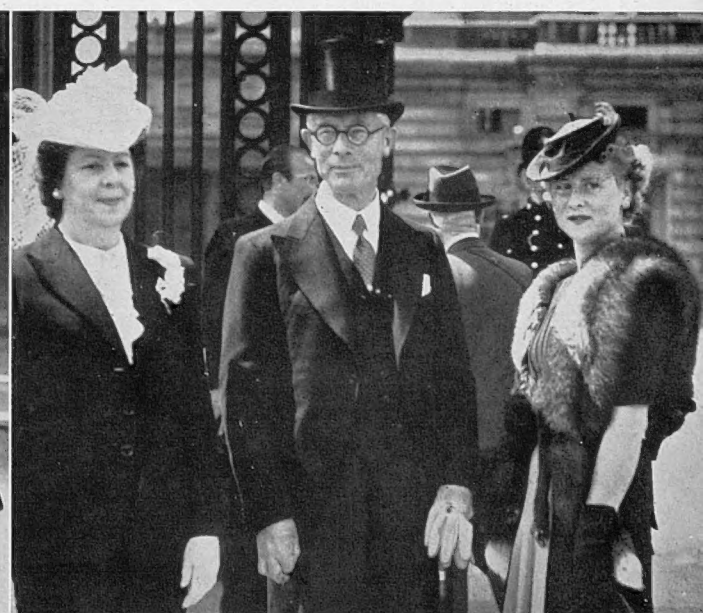
Princess: I am always disappointed with mountains. There are no mountains in the world as high as I could wish.

Adrian: No?

Princess: They irritate me invariably. I should like to shake Switzerland.

I should like to shake the Critics' Circle.

CAN it be that I am out of step? I think not. I hold the highbrow noodle in this film to be Firbankian and his mother Wildean. "The nation requires more Belinskis," says this rich ass pleading the Czechoslovakian refugee's case. And his mother replies. "If the country requires more Belinskis it will produce them." Could anything more nearly approach Lady Bracknell's view of upper-class responsibility? And that chemist, who might be own brother to Wells's Chester Coote? And I reflect that these were the critics, or some of them were, who swallowed that picture about Darkest Denham in which African natives, knowing only Swahili, conversed in mellifluous and unbroken English with Miss Calvert exterminating the tsetse fly in twenty-six creaseless creations. Hush mah mouf!



at The Recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace

Mr. Gordon B. Rolph, C.G.M., O.B.E., after
he had received his decoration, with Sir Claude
James and Mr. Irvine Douglas

Sir Hector McNeill, Lord Provost of
Glasgow, with Lady McNeill after
receiving his knighthood

Sir Robert Wharhirst, Director of Armament Supply at
the Admiralty, who received a knighthood, with Lady
Wharhirst and Mrs. Hanbury Swann (right)

The Theatre

"Love Goes To Press" (Duchess)

THE woman war correspondent, we gather from this light comedy written by two of them, was something of a terror to rivals of the other sex. She was not braver or more enterprising than they, though seemingly ready for anything, but, being in a war which was run by men, she had certain natural advantages.

If a staff car was cosier than a jeep in frozen Italy there was usually a poppet at headquarters to answer to the name of "Pinkie" and provide one, and if an unofficial trip to Poland seemed desirable in the interests of her paper, skippers of bombers were as susceptible as sailors to feminine charm. Miss Virginia Cowles and Miss Martha Gellhorn know their subject from the inside, and to show the paces of their two American women correspondents in action they cross their path with an English P.R.O. whose chivalry works against them.

To Major Philip Brooke-Jervaux, D.S.O., hoicked out of his tank and put in charge of a Press camp on the Italian front, newspapers are necessary evils and a woman war correspondent whom John Knox would have called "monsteriferous," something outside nature. She should be safe at home with her mother and sisters, quietly knitting or perhaps overlooking in the absence of the men the working of the home farm. Deuced hard after months of protecting one's women in desert fighting to be overtaken by two of them who seemed to enjoy gallivanting about under shell fire.

BUT there they are—the famous Jane Mason, of the *New York Bulletin* and the almost equally famous Annabelle Jones, of the *San Francisco World*—and all he can do is to tighten the rules of the camp and to give them the draughtiest sleeping accommodation available. Jane is "werry fierce" with him; he is unyieldingly correct; and we see at once that his doom is sealed. And before he is a day older some unauthorized "stunt" has roused his official ire and also shown him that Jane

is a woman of high courage, altogether too good to remain a war correspondent but eminently qualified to be his wife and mistress of an ancient English estate.

He proposes in his manly way and is somewhat surprisingly accepted. But he makes the mistake of painting a picture of the hunting, shooting and fishing life for which he has destined her. Its rigours and its dangers are such that Jane pales with terror and flies away to another war in Burma.

ANNABELLE fares no better. She thinks of patching things up with a former husband, a fellow journalist who had made married life impossible by appropriating his wife's "scoops" for his own paper on the plea that the projected stunt was too big an adventure for his little woman. And this time he does it again, dumping himself down beside the susceptible airman who had volunteered to fly Annabelle to Poland, and so his second marriage ends before it has begun. All this is worked out in a somewhat casual but none the less amusing way. The situations, though rich in good lines, are not properly developed. It is an excellent idea, for instance, that a

twitteringly nervous actress should by a horrid mischance carry Ensa to glory by penetrating the German lines and popping up in the midst of a besieged garrison, but too little is made of the incident. The authors can crack a good stage joke; they have not yet learned how to make it contribute to a comic situation.

THE acting is entirely adequate, and Miss Irene Worth, who plays the less dignified heroine, would seem to have a genuine flair for character. Miss Joyce Heron, as the heroine proper, succeeds in combining efficiency and charm, and Mr. Ralph Michael is most reasonably the humourless Englishman. Mr. Bill Kemp, Mr. Gerald Andersen and Mr. Nicholas Stuart sketch in very effectively the loafing, free and easy, story-stealing atmosphere of the Press camp, making it seem authentic.

Some thin-skinned patriots may resent the authors' tacit assumption that the American way of doing things is wholly rational, and that to be English is necessarily to be a pompous half-wit. But there is enough laughter to salve any wounds thus unwittingly inflicted.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Daphne Rutherford (Georgina Cookson), Joe Rogers (Bill Kemp) and Annabelle Jones (Irene Worth) demonstrate that the eternal triangle has one obtuse and two acute angles



"Be off, Corporal," or "Don't Cramp my Style"—Ralph Michael as Major Philip Brooke-Jervaux, D.S.O., and Joyce Heron as Jane Mason, find the presence of Corporal Cramp (Johnnie Schofield) redundant



Militarized news-hawks Hank O'Reilly (Jefferson Searles) and Tex Crowder (Nicholas Stuart) have a friendly argument over a card game in the Press camp of Poggibonsi on the Italian front

Once Over, Lightly

A REMARKABLE
YOUNG WOMAN

YOU look at Freda Jackson's drawn, uneven face, the knobbly expanse of forehead, the flared nostrils and the hurt, sensitive mouth. This young woman (you say) has suffered pain of the spirit, pain of mind and pain of body; also, she is an actress of the first grade.

Watching her in *No Room at the Inn* (Winter Garden Theatre, Drury Lane), noting the forever-drooping cigarette, squirming at the coarse and blowsy brutality of each gesture, you loathe the creature and are in no way surprised to hear a woman near you in the stalls say with controlled bitterness, "I should think even her underclothes are dirty."

Now, when Freda Jackson was aged seven she did what many girls (and many more boys) do at that age. She went into the school—High Pavement School, Nottingham—lavatory and there tried out her first cigarette. Before it was three-quarters finished she threw it away, later explaining to an inquisitive teacher that biliousness was the cause of her pallor. And she knew that the teacher knew she was fibbing.

PRESENTLY Freda grew up to be herself a teacher. She had not smoked for fourteen years, but she was full of sympathetic understanding for the youngsters whose experiments came to her notice. They gratefully accepted her suggestion that they were a trifle bilious. Sympathetic understanding, coming of her own experience, is the dominant chord in the symphony of Freda Jackson's life. She hasn't been a teacher for several years, but as an actress with a habit of startling critics and playgoers by her outstanding work, she draws constantly on that same sinking-fund of experience.

No Room at the Inn is remarkable and the acting lifts it to a plane that few modern plays attain. It has the force of an indictment. Five young evacuees, four girls and a boy, are left by the wartime billeting authorities in the care of a Mrs. Voray, Aggie Voray (Freda Jackson), a woman unredeemed by any virtue and whose only interest in her charges is the allowance. She is a slut and a sadist, drunken and depraved. At the mercy of this repellent creature, the helpless children become spiritually defiled by conditions and physically cowed by cruelty; but the harpy has a ready, ingratiating smile for them and for the visitors when well-meaning but complacent officials call after complaints have been lodged. There is much relief when, at length, she dies at the hands of two of her young lodgers.

ANY workmanlike actress could make something successful of Mrs. Voray. A showy part, cast-iron for effect. She is a monster, and a skilled amateur could act her as such. But Freda Jackson makes her so much more, in drama and in comedy. She attacks the part and attacks the audience. The moment she steps on the stage, before one rough-edged word has burst past that cigarette, drooping, permanently it seems, from her over-painted mouth, the audience stiffens at the impact. She attacks, grips, and never lets go.

While you are hating Mrs. Voray for the evacuees' demoralisation you are conscious of looking at the wreckage of another wasted life. That is the vitally important point about the Jackson characterisation. Any actress could play Voray as a coarse monster, and probably any actress who has known only success could play her only as a monster. For a notable reason Freda Jackson is able to convey that the slut is as bad as she is because poverty and frustration have turned sour in her; the actress



FREDA JACKSON

herself is no stranger to those same tribulations. She taught English in Haywood School, Sherwood, for nearly three years after leaving Nottingham University. She taught her pupils to speak verse in chorus—an original and remarkable achievement which increased the interest she was causing locally by her acting for the Philodramatic Club and the Playgoers' Club.

The time came when she knew she must make the stage her profession, so she drew from the Board of Education her accrued super-annuation payments, and with this £20 and hard, uncompromising words from her distrustful parents, she went as an unpaid student to Robert Young's repertory company at Northampton. There, to cover all living expense, she spent from her £20 nest-egg at the rate of £1 a week. Malnutrition has marred her health ever since.

FREDA played small parts until one day she was told to learn the Min Lee role in *On the Spot* for the following evening's performance. Thereafter she played leads and her salary grew to £3, then to £4, and eventually to a glorious £5 a week. In 2½ years she accumulated £50 and much experience. So she left Northampton to besiege the London stage, which thereupon for ten months let her starve. Managers gave her promises but never parts. Miserably poor she was and starved she would have been but for weekly parcels of food from

her mother, who never ceased pleading that Freda should give up this nonsense and go home; ten months without even a walking-on part or a film bit!

JACK DE LEON, at the Q Theatre, was the first Londoner to help, when she beseeched him to put on *The Sacred Flame* with her as the nurse. He did—and Tyrone Guthrie signed her for the Old Vic. That was nine years ago, and that is the end of her hard-luck story—apart from recurring illness. She played Mme. Crevelli, the Italian prima donna in Elmer Rice's *Judgment Day*; the girl scout, Valya, in *The Russians*; the Shrew, Mrs. Malaprop and Mariana at Stratford; Emilia, Maria and a dozen others in London. Then nine months' illness, a legacy from her foodless days, kept her off the stage until she stuck a cigarette in her mouth as Mrs. Voray.

In her days at Nottingham University Freda Jackson was the "usual undergrad Communist, believing that civilisation owed it to young people that the way should be made smooth for their development." Now she is less Red. If she could have known what insecurity and poverty lay ahead, if she could have foreseen how her confidence would ebb away, she says she would never have had the courage to leave teaching for the stage; but she is deeply conscious that without those trials she could not have been as good an actress as she is now.

HIGHLAND WEDDING

Miss Margaret Maclean, Sister of the Chief of the Macleans of Ardgour, Marries Mr. Ralph Dundas

ACROSS Loch Linnhe from Nether Lochaber, where the tide races through the narrows of Corran, lie the ancestral lands of the Macleans of Ardgour. Here, in the little parish church, by the shores of the loch, Miss Margaret Beryl Maclean was recently married to Mr. Ralph Dundas.

Although the Macleans have been seated in this part of northern Argyll for many generations, this is believed to be the first time that a member of the clan has actually been married from Ardgour House, the old home of the family.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Lord Inverclyde, is the third of the five daughters of the late Maclean of Ardgour and Mrs. Maclean. Her twenty-six-year-old eldest sister, Catriona—a Senior Commander in the A.T.S.—succeeded in 1930 to her father's title, offices, and estate as seventeenth Lady of Ardgour, thereby also assuming the headship and chieftaincy of her clan.

THE hill-tops were hidden in mist and rain clouds hung low over the valleys as the young couple were piped from the church by Donald Cameron, who has lived at Salachan, on the Ardgour estate, for some forty years. Later, in the mansion house of Ardgour, the bride cut the wedding cake, toasts were drunk and speeches were made.

Friends and relations from Argyll and other parts of the country gathered in strength. Long-distance guests at Ardgour included young marrieds like Mr. and Mrs. Lachlan Gordon-Duff, who negotiated two ferries between Corran and their home in the Stewart country near Appin. Mrs. Lachlan Gordon-Duff is Lady Hersey Baird's youngest daughter, and her husband is laird of Airds. Mr. Arthur Strutt, of Kingairloch, and his wife were also there. Lady Inverclyde—the bride's grandmother—whose exquisite diamond and pearl thistle (one of three) evoked memories of many Highland gatherings, was staying at Ardgour for the wedding, likewise Lady Jardine of Applegirth, and the youngest married daughter of the house, Mrs. Ian Douglas, and her husband.

LADY HERMIONE CAMERON OF LOCHIEL came with her two sons, Allan and Charles, also the former's pretty wife and her sister, Miss Susan Vaughan-Lee. Major Allan Cameron had just returned from service in Gibraltar. Lady Hermione, who spent most of the war years up at Inverness, has her present headquarters at Clunes—a shooting lodge near Spean Bridge. Achnacarry, the family home nearby, is still in the throes of de-requisitioning.

Additional wedding guests consisted of Mrs. Campbell-Preston (the chatelaine of Ardchattan Priory on Loch Etive-side), her son, Thomas; Mrs. Nigel Irvine, whose father-in-law, Sir James Irvine, is the Principal of St. Andrews University; Lady Hamilton-Dalrymple; Lord Trent's sister, Mrs. Holman, who divides the year between Sussex and the wilds of Acharacle; Colonel Francis Laughton, with his wife and daughter, Pamela; and Mrs. Wardlaw-Ramsay, the bridegroom's grandmother.

At night the local tenants continued the celebrations with reels and country dances in the village hall.



Miss Margaret Maclean of Ardgour with her bridegroom (right), Mr. Ralph Dundas, and her uncle, Lord Inverclyde. Miss Maclean is the third daughter of the late Maclean of Ardgour and the Hon. Mrs. Maclean



Miss Helen Maclean of Ardgour, the bride's aunt, Mrs. Nigel Irvine, her sister, Miss Jean Bannister, and Miss Margaret Maclean of Ardgour were also present at the wedding



Donald Cameron, who piped the bridal couple from the parish church at Ardgour. He has lived at Salachan, on the Ardgour estate, for forty years, and is well known for his skill on the bagpipes



Miss Gillian Mitford and Lady Jardine of Applegirth, wife of Sir William Jardine, whom she married in 1944



The youngest guest at the wedding was little Margaret Norrish, with her mother



Colonel Francis Laughton, who came over from his home near Fort William, and Major George Rutherford



Major Allan Cameron and his wife, the former Miss Elizabeth Vaughan-Lee



Miss Catriona Louise Maclean of Ardgour, sister of the bride, and the Chief of the Macleans, with Major Dundas Robertson



Miss Elizabeth Maclean of Ardgour, who was bridesmaid to her sister. Her dress is dark rose crêpe, and her bouquet is of white carnations



Lady Inverclyde, the bride's grandmother, and Miss Susan Vaughan-Lee, who is a sister of Mrs. Allan Cameron of Lochiel



"There are fairies at the bottom of my garden."
Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) entertains the guests
with one of her inimitable songs



Lady Throckmorton, Miss C. Wilson, Mrs. Anthony
Acton, Lady Anne Hunloke, Mrs. Peggy Dunne and
Mrs. George Baker

Some of the Guests at the Airborne Party Given in London in Aid

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

BOTH the Investiture proper, at which His Majesty bestowed the accolade on fifty-four new knights honoured in the Birthday list, and the Red Cross "Investiture" the following day, at which the Queen gave certificates of war service to some 260 workers from all over the country, were "last" functions. There will be no more investitures of any kind until next winter, which underlines the fact that the holiday season is upon us.

At the King's Investiture tall, good-looking Sir Terence Nugent, Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, once again had to deputise for his chief; for the Earl of Clarendon has been unable for some little time to carry out his State and ceremonial duties as Lord Chamberlain owing to indisposition.

For the Red Cross function Her Majesty, who wore pale lilac, was attended by her Mistress of the Robes, Helen Duchess of Northumberland, and Lady Nunburnholme, Lady of the Bedchamber, while the Countess of Limerick, who, like the Duchess, was in uniform, also stood at the Queen's side. Also in attendance on Her Majesty was Major Thomas Cockayne Harvey, D.S.O., her new Private Secretary, whose slim figure, fair wavy hair and attractive manner make him an easily recognisable figure. He is twenty-eight years of age, and is married to Lady Mary Coke, daughter of the Earl of Leicester. They have a son and a daughter, and until his appointment to the Household spent much of their time at Ringstead Bury, their Norfolk home near King's Lynn. Major Harvey, who served with the Scots Guards, won the D.S.O. in the last few months of the war.

THE QUEEN AT EAST GRINSTEAD

THE Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke headed an array of distinguished people who welcomed the Queen when she visited the Queen Victoria Hospital at East Grinstead, to open formally the magnificent new plastic surgery block, where already several minor miracles have been wrought in the way of curing badly burned air-crash victims. Lady Louis Mountbatten, charming and vivacious as ever in her uniform of St. John, was another member of the Royal Family present, and others I saw included Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Portal of Hungerford, wartime Chief of the Air Staff, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, present-day

holder of that vitally important post, and their wives, Lord and Lady Woolton, Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, Earl and Countess Limerick, Lord Horder, who was recalling how he had laid the foundation-stone of the original hospital buildings more than ten years ago, the Earl of Strathmore, Lord and Lady Leconfield, Sir Harold Gillies, that renowned pioneer of plastic surgery, and Lady Gillies, and Admiral Lord Mountevans and his wife.

Lord Kindersley, who gave the site for the hospital, and Lady Kindersley, with whom the Queen had lunched at their charming house, Plaw Hatch Hall, just outside East Grinstead, before the ceremony, were also there, and two other figures of particular interest were Mr. Averell Harriman, the American Ambassador, and Mr. Clark Minor, President of the British War Relief Society of America. Mr. Minor had flown the Atlantic in order to be present at the Royal opening of the new wing, which, equipped throughout with British instruments and fittings, has been paid for in entirety by the War Relief Society, a gesture of good will, as the Queen phrased it, that symbolises the closeness of the union between our two countries.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT HERTFORDSHIRE SHOW

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH visited the H. Hertfordshire Show in Cassiobury Park, Watford, when a record crowd of 25,000 people gave her a tumultuous welcome. During the afternoon, after she had lunched with the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury at Hatfield House, she was met by the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, Viscount Hampden, and the Marquess of Salisbury (President of the Society), and later watched with great interest the grand parade of prize-winners.

With some difficulty the Royal party moved through the dense crowd to make a tour of the many exhibits. The Princess, who was wearing a charming rose-pink edge-to-edge coat with a gown of the same shade, and a flower-trimmed hat to match, spent some time at the Rural Industries Bureau exhibition, and also showed particular interest in the Women's Institutes' stand and those of the British Legion and Save the Children Fund.

Among those presented to the Princess were the High Sheriff of the County, Sir Patrick

Ashley Cooper, and his wife, Lord and Lady Hemingford, the Mayor and Mayoress of Watford, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Major Freeman, M.P., Mr. D. C. MacQueen, the secretary of the Show, and members of the Show Committee.

THE ECLIPSE STAKES

THE valuable Eclipse Stakes was run at Ascot this year, as Sandown is not yet available for racing. It was won in very convincing style by Lord Derby's colt Gulf Stream (who was second to Airborne in the Derby), with Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Edward Tudor second and the Aga Khan's Khaled third. Lord Derby was not present to see his victory, but three of his grandchildren, Lord Stanley, his brother Richard and Lady Irwin, watched Gulf Stream's success, and were all three quickly down in the unsaddling ring to see the winner and congratulate trainer and jockey, Walter Earl and Harry Wragg.

This race was run on the first day of a two-day meeting on the Royal course. The famous Royal Enclosure became a Members' Enclosure, but the other stands were not affected. The arrangements were excellent, and it was a pleasure to race in comfort once again, with room to move. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth came along from Royal Lodge on the second day with her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Margaret Egerton, and strolled down to the paddock with Captain Charles Moore, the King's racing manager, to see the horses. With the Princess in the Royal Box during the afternoon were Miss Violet de Trafford and her father, Sir Humphrey de Trafford; the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord and Lady Irwin, Lord Stanley, the Earl of Gowrie and Sir Eric Mievile.

Mr. John Dewar won the valuable two-year-old race on the second day with Tudor Minstrel, who seems likely to be the winter favourite for next year's Derby. He was there to see his horse run, with Mrs. Dewar looking very smart in navy blue. Other owners I saw at the meeting were Mrs. Nagle, who won a race at the meeting with her nice colt Massif, which was bred at the National Stud; Miss Dorothy Paget, who went into the paddock warmly clad in a blue tweed coat and fur-lined boots to see her Blue Peter colt Oranmore before he won the



Pearl Freeman

Miss Kathleen Esmé (Kit) Truman, who is to marry Major Digby Seymour Shuttleworth, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I., on August 12th



Miss Joan S. Milligan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick W. Milligan, of Faldonside House, Melrose, and granddaughter of the late Sir William Milligan, of Broughton, Peebles-shire



Harlip

Viscountess Curzon, who is the daughter of the late Mr. S. F. Wakeling, of Durban, South Africa. Her husband, who is the son and heir of Earl Howe, is a Lieut.-Commander in the R.N.V.R.

of the Airborne Forces Security Fund

At the chairman's table were Mr. Rex Sherren, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Mrs. J. Reynolds-Veitch (joint-chairman) and Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys. Behind: Miss Bapsy Pavry

Bishopgate Stakes; Mrs. Jimmy Rank, looking smart in navy blue; Mrs. Evan Williams, whose big colt, Kingsclere, was second to Tudor Minstrel; the Aly Khan, who saw his father's much-fancied Khaled beaten; Mr. John Baillie, Sir John Jarvis and the Earl of Sefton, who was accompanied by his wife.

Also at this very pleasant meeting were Lord Rosebery, who drove himself to the course accompanied by Lady Rosebery and his daughter, Lady Helen Smith, Lady Fitzwilliam chatting to Mrs. Philip Hill, Lady Maclean wearing lovely platinum foxes, Lady Orr-Lewis walking around with Mrs. John Lawson, Mr. Quinney Gilbey with his small son; the Hon. William Astor and his brother, Jakey; Mr. Tom Blackwell, Mrs. Denis Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Colin. Lesslie, Miss Gypsy Lawrence, Sir Hugo and Lady Carlisle-Owen, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, Lady Joan Philips, Sir Francis Towle with his daughter, Mrs. Tommy Carthew, Sir Ulick Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Morris with Mrs. George Lambton, and Mr. Bernard van Cutsem.

AIRBORNE PARTY

PARACHUTES decorated the ballroom for the Airborne Party. Orange and green ones used for supplies were in the centre of the ceiling, while white ones used for personnel landings were hung in bunches on the walls. The Airborne Security Fund must have benefited considerably by the party, as the auction alone was wonderful and raised over £2500 for such varied gifts as a historical book, nylon stockings, cigars, model dresses and spirits.

There were many big parties; the hard-working chairman, Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, looking elegant in white with lovely diamonds, had a party of over twenty at her table, and so had the Countess of Jersey, the equally hard-working co-chairman, who looked pretty in pale blue. Among their guests were Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Patron of the Fund; in naval uniform with many rows of ribbons, and Lady Louis; the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning ("Boy" Browning), also a patron of the fund, with his lovely wife, who, under her maiden name Daphne du Maurier, has made such a success as an author and playwright.

Others at these two tables were Sir Robert and Lady Throckmorton, Mr. Michael de Pret, Miss Anne Clifford, Mrs. Tony Gillson, Sir Giles and Lady Loder, the Marquess of Tavistock, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Anne Hunloke, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, Miss Bapsy Pavry, wearing a fine sari, Mr. William Teeling, M.P., G/Capt. and Mrs. Woodhouse, and the Maharajah of Jaipur.

At other tables the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke had a party, and so did Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, Mrs. Philip Hill, the Countess Fitzwilliam, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, the Earl and Countess of Willington, Lady Petre, Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and Brig. Chatterton,

Miss Anne Clifford dancing with Mr. Michael de Pret, 12th Royal Lancers

one of the best-known figures among airborne troops. Miss Kit Misa, vivacious and pretty, was dancing with Mr. Morley Kennerly, and others dancing were Mrs. Charles Sweeny with Sir Eric Mievill, Prince Vsevolode and Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, Lady Diana Stuart Wortley, Mr. and Mrs. Bobbie Petre, Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson, Mr. Pat Mathews and Lady Audrey Morris.

LADY WHITAKER MEMORIAL

It is a charming idea that the name of Lady Whitaker, who before she died was in charge of the children's section of the S.S.A.F.A. overseas service, for which she worked so hard for the last three years of her life, should be perpetuated in a practical way as she would have liked. This is the Whitaker Memorial Ward, decorated and fitted up at a cost of several hundred pounds by Lady Whitaker's friends, a bright and sunny ward in the S.S.A.F.A. Children's Home at Henley, which was recently opened by Major-Gen. Sir John Whitaker in memory of his late wife.

This new S.S.A.F.A. home has accommodation for twenty-seven children between the ages of two and twelve, and is open to children of Service and ex-Service men and women during short periods of emergency, when for some reason their mothers are unable to look after them. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Norman MacEwen, chairman of S.S.A.F.A., was at the opening, and so were Mrs. Kevill-Davies, Mrs. J. F. Batten, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Cecil Whitaker, and Major-Gen. Archibald, who are all actively connected with S.S.A.F.A.

BACHELOR PARTY

THERE was a large gathering of Guardees and pretty young girls at the party given recently by Prince Michael Obolensky and Baron Roth in Chesterfield Street, where they have just taken a flat together. The party was not in their flat but in the ballroom of the same house, a very fine room which visitors are always fascinated to hear was the first private ballroom in which Queen Victoria danced as a girl, when the house belonged to the sixth Earl of Chesterfield.

As Prince Michael is in the Irish Guards, there were many fellow-officers from that regiment at the party, including his popular and charming commanding officer, Col. D. M. Fitzgerald. The Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi were two early arrivals, as were Prince and Princess Serge Obolensky. Others I met were M. Fanco, from the Brazilian Embassy, who is shortly going as the Brazilian Minister in Vienna, with his daughter Isadora; Baron Heymerle, of the Austrian Legation, Lord and Lady Strabolgi, Lady Ovey, just back from Paris, Sir Ronald and Lady Storrs, Countess Tarnowska, Prince Marek Lubomiesky, Mr. Patrick Filmer-Sankey, Capt. and Mrs. Harding, who have recently returned from Washington, where he was naval attaché, Lady Hyacinth Needham and her sister, Lady Eleanor Anley.



Major H. Musker and Lord Ruthven



The Redwings made a charming picture as they manœuvred at the start of their race

BEMBRIDGE, ISLE OF WIGHT, REGATTA



Mrs. L. F. Phillips and Miss Haig Thomas



Miss Imogen Chichester, Sir Derrick Gunston and Mr. Alastair Campbell after the racing was over



Miss Julia Collins, Mr. Sam Browne and Lord Brabazon, who had all been sailing in Lord Brabazon's yacht Tara.



Capt. A. A. L. Campbell, Mrs. Campbell and Miss A. Birke



Countess Gurowska, Capt. Tony Turnor, Miss Haig Thomas, Miss A. Baxendale, Miss Turnor and Miss Daphne Turnor



Lady Bonham, wife of Sir Anthony Bonham, Bt., and Miss R. Davenport



Miss Cochrane sailing Slievenamon No. 2, and
Mr. R. Jansen's Ibis in the Redwing class

The Regatta held recently by the Bembridge Sailing Club
at Under Tyne, near Bembridge, was the occasion of
some keen racing under excellent weather conditions



Mrs. T. Fenwick, Mrs. Hugh Collins and Mrs. Guy
Blewitt pulling their dinghy above high-water mark



Major and Mrs. H. Musker on their
yacht Ladybird



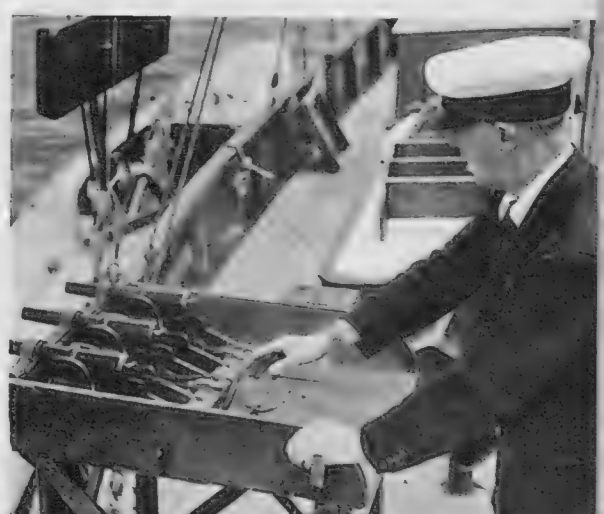
Capt. Dermot Musker up the mast of
the yacht Ladybird



Brig.-Gen. Sir Ernest and Lady
Fitzpatrick



Capt. and Mrs. Dermot Musker on board
the Ladybird



Sir Charles Campbell, Bt., firing one of the
starting-guns

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

The Spinster and the Eggs

The name appearing on the door
Of No. 7, Eighteenth Floor,
Allergic Mansions, London Road,
Was ANABELLE HEPZIBAH JOAD,
An ancient Spinster, true to form,
Departing only from the norm
In one most unexpected way—
She ate some fifteen eggs per day,
Most of them poached, the others fried.

The War came, and although she tried
By every method, foul or fair,
To get more eggs than was her share,
She failed. And day by day, alas,
The store she had in water-glass
Diminished. When this source, too, stopped
A lesser woman might have dropped
What seemed a futureless pursuit.
Not so Miss J. She had (the fruit
Of sixty self-denying years)
Her Savings. Scorning futile tears
And crushing with an iron mind
Emotions proper to her kind,
She took these—several hundred pounds—
And resolutely went the rounds
Of everyone in trousered legs
Who sold or bought or dealt in eggs,
Pressing her hand, and, more, her dough
On any man who'd not say no
And, also, keep her in the state
Alluded to above (Line 8).

She married one Ancurin Snape,
A poulterer, a venal shape,
Who none the less performed his drill,
And almost made Hepzibah ill
With eggs, more eggs than even she
Could get by with impunity.

Of course, it was too good to last.
His warehouse was destroyed by blast
In some quite unimportant blitz,
When all his eggs were smashed to bits,
And fairly soon Hepzibah died,
Devoid of money, eggs or pride.

IMMORAL

Live in a bomb-free area

PRISCILLA (from PARIS) AT

THE Fair has come to the Island . . . and what a fair!

Swings and roundabouts, flying-boats, booths, sweet-stalls, a lottery wheel at which one could win anything from a paper rose to a live duck, so long as one kept at it long enough at 20 francs a time, and, best of all to a village where the local cinema only opens Saturdays and Sundays, showing year-old films, a theatre. Such a beautiful frontage, all mirrors, gold and white paint, flags of all nations and floods of electric light. A speiler in "evening dress" from morn to night: dinner jacket, black tie bordered with blue, white satin waistcoat, red handkerchief, stiff shirt, soft collar and rope-soled *espadrilles*. Performances for one day only and, advised the handbills, "it is prudent to book in advance; the booking office opens as soon as the theatre arrives"!

The play itself? Terrific! *Ames Françaises*. A grand drama of the 1939-45 War, in 5 Acts. I.: Sublime Sacrifice. II.: Women of France. III.: The Brutes of Berlin. IV.: The Call of Duty. V.: The Chimes of Victory! Harrowing posters illustrated the most dramatic scenes but, fearful of the effect produced upon the audience, a warning is largely displayed saying:

"During the play spectators will certainly be overcome by their emotions. Their indignation may spur them to fall upon the Barbarians who trample the laws of humanity beneath their iron heels. The management requests that its honoured patrons refrain from all demonstrations tending to interrupt the performance or injure the actors and begs that they will observe the calmness becoming to a Victorious Nation"!

ALL this excitement coincided with one of the religious fête days of the Island and, in the morning, a long procession of white-clad infants bearing banners of white muslin trimmed, in many cases, with a priceless border of real lace made its way through the main street of the village. The children were followed by their parents and elders in their Sunday Blacks, most of the women wearing the appalling hats that the village modiste copies from the cheaper fashion journals, instead of the lovely old lace Vendean head-dresses so crisply starched and gauffered. Only the very old *gran'mères* still bring them out on holy days, and theirs are the simplest caps of all, made of plain but finely pleated linen to which a narrow border of black velvet is added if the wearer is a widow. There was no band—the village

orphéon is also a thing of the past—but the drone of the old people mumbling their rosary accompanied the shrill, nasal whine of what a polite writer might call the "fresh, young voices" of the children singing *cantiques* as they marched along.

Hundreds of yards of red and white bunting and masses of flowers and foliage decorated the street, except along the frontage of the *mauvais endroit* where a mechanical piano, as well as the wireless, easily vanquished the hymns and the hums till the proprietor of the *estaminet* hurriedly switched off and chased his taxi-dancers from the windows. At the cross-roads, where the procession broke up, stands a new and very splendid "villa," belonging to our ex-baker, who has become very, very rich from selling small pigs to large contractors. He was not smiling as he looked down the decorated street. Being an old friend of the ex-bakery days, I asked him the reason. "The old So-and-Sos," he grumbled; "I wonder where they've been hiding all that bunting. Think of all the chemises I could have had made with the white stuff, not to mention the shirts and blouses for the Party with the red!"

I MET my little Light o' Love at the Fair. The feckless creature (bless her bones) was spending all she had earned during the week on her three samples. The blond sample (nine years old) was making himself sick on the merry-go-round at 10 francs a ride, chestnut curls (three years old, two other in-betweens not having survived) was choosing a 300-franc doll, and the youngest (nine months), the loveliest of all, with immense black eyes, olive skin and dark hair, lay contentedly in its ramshackle pram, hugging an elaborately beribboned plush dog. A few well-chosen words condemning such ill-advised prodigality might have been *à propos*, but then what, and *à quoi bon*? My Island is the home of real charity, and its girl-mothers—so long as they are good mothers, and my Light o' Love is—never lack work or help from their neighbours.

The two great *mondanités* of the week have been the funeral of an ex-mayor of the Island and the marriage of the scavenger's daughter. The first affair was, of course, very solemn, and all the Very Best Summer Visitors were present as well as the local celebrities, since *M. le Maire* had been a worthy grocer and well liked. Unfortunately, we ran short of hats. One can go hatless to a French wedding, but definitely not to a funeral. There was a great rushing around and borrowing that morning



The Sadler's Wells Corps de Ballet in "Giselle," in Which They Have Earned High Praise, with Beryl Grey as the Queen of the Wilis

THE FAIR

and we also achieved wonderful effects with bent-wire lamp-shades draped with black-and-white checked hankies borrowed from our peasant and fisher friends. I had not visited the little, high-walled cemetery since the autumn of 1940, when a British transport went down off St. Nazaire, and the many English lads who drifted to our coast were buried there under the old cypress-tree. The graves are neat and orderly and the names kept freshly painted on the wooden crosses.

THE scavenger's daughter was married in white satin, with train and veil, and we hardly recognised the pretty wench who is usually seen bare-legged and barefooted in one ragged, skimpy garment, her face streaked with sweat and dust, her hair tangled over her eyes as she pitchforks into the detritus that papa brings home daily in the open donkey-cart. We are wholesomely unhygienic on our Island and never the worse for it! The wedding party walked to the church, bride and papa leading, followed sedately by all the relatives and guests, while, seated alone in an immense and very ancient char-à-banc—the only car they had been able to hire for the occasion—was the bridegroom's great-grandam, a red-ridden soul of ninety-four! Every now and again the engine stalled at going so slowly and, in order to start it again, the party, bride and all, had to get behind and push. She was indeed:

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free!

Voilà!

Very rightly, no doubt, the "Ligue Anti-Alcoolique," or French Teetotallers' Association, fights the good fight with every means at its power. Lectures, articles in the newspapers, wireless talks and, more recently, posters on the hoardings and in the Metro. Was that, in spite of all this, there should be such hardened sinners! Below a flamboyantly illustrated poster informing the world that "Alcohol is a slow poison," an repentant soul has written: "What the ———! I'm in no hurry!"



THE WOOING OF BLUEBEARD, a scene from the New York Ballet Theatre's production at Covent Garden of the traditional fairy-tale. One of the last choreographic compositions of Fokine, it exhibits all his mastery of pattern. The Ballet Theatre, which is the first dance company ever to come to England from America, was founded six years ago, and has played in almost every State in the U.S.A., and also in Canada and Mexico. On its return to New York it will open an autumn season on Broadway.

The dancers in the scene shown are Cynthia Riseley, Paula Lloyd, Diana Adams, Muriel Bentley, Dimitri Romanoff and Shirley Eckl.

Photographs by Baron



Another Movement from "Giselle," with Pamela May as the Queen and Gerde Larsen and Gillian Lynne as Principal Wilis



Open-Air Girl: Mary Frances, Daughter of Mrs. N. M. Philpott

Photographs by Swaebe



"THE TATLER" Goes for

A STROLL IN THE PARK

HYDE PARK in summer, with its shady avenues, glittering water, and acres of grass on which to play, is enchanting to children. It is true that the ranks of the Nannies, at such favourite gathering-places as the Broad Walk and the Fairies' Dell, have been seriously thinned; but mothers and aunts have risen nobly to the emergency and have ensured that their young sons and daughters, nieces and nephews, have lost nothing of that fresh air and exercise which being set foot-loose (with unobtrusive supervision) in the Park provides. "The Tatler" found the young people shown here disporting themselves in the sun, and offers them as typical representatives of the remarkably robust and happy post-war generation



Johnnie Radiates Contentment, though there is a flicker of mischief in his eyes. Johnnie is the son of Mr. J. Osbourne



**TABLET
AND BYSTANDER**
August 7, 1946
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Red Indians, or Adrift on a Raft? June, daughter of Mrs. R. Ducas, Ella, daughter of Mrs. R. Grimston, Sir William Pigott-Brown, son of Lady P. B. Pigott-Brown, the Hon. Hugh Cecil, son of Lady Amherst, and François, son of Mme. de Rancourt



"It's Delicious, It's Devastating," says Annabella, daughter of Mrs. Macartney, as she samples the pleasures of sunbathing



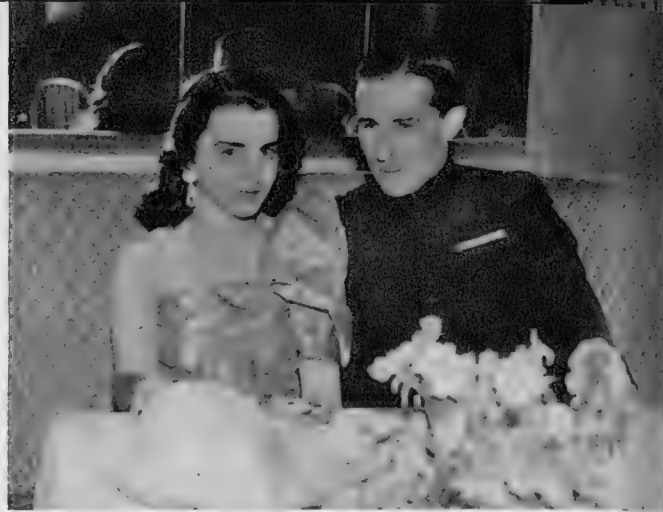
Judgment Reserved: Julia and Deborah, daughters of Mrs. J. Vaughan-Morgan, have different views on whether that big dog is comical or ferocious



Taking it Lying Down is another sunbather, Mark Robinson, son of Mrs. W. H. Robinson



Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill at the Mirabelle. Lady Rupert Nevill was formerly Lady Camilla Wallop, daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth



Miss Mary Brock-Edwards, who is the daughter of Lady Chesham, with Captain John Ford at the Bagatelle

End-of-Season Diners-Out al

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

PONDERING a gossip's cry that Clubland is beginning to flourish again, with increasingly long waiting-lists, we hummed a little song which the famous barman "Big-Time" Ben Disraeli used to roar as he shook up the drinks in the Athenæum Long Bar in the 1840's:

Why groans the F.R.S. at tea?
What spasms of pure misery
Furrow the Bishop's dome?
It is the Clubman's voiceless plea,
The Longing to Go Home.

Evidently things have changed. All down Pall Mall and up St. James's Street one used to see white, lined, hopeless faces staring from club-windows. So far from tearing good women's reputations to tatters with cynical *bons mots* (as a simple-minded populace supposed), their owners were yearning painfully for the lost delights of domesticity: the sudden light in an anxious wifely eye; the patter of tiny feet; the surprised and joyous cry, "Hooway! Daddy's home fwom the Weform!" Most of those clubmen knew that a stumble over the mat or even a head-on crash into the hatstand would not be counted against them. Then why (you cry) linger on in the drab swamps of Clubland? Because, possibly, they feared the fingerprints on little Stinker's moneybox had been compared with the ones already preserved in the dossier at Scotland Yard? Who knows?

Stealing newspapers habitually from the Reading Room and books from the Library would, you might think, have deadened this sense of shame and fear, but no. At any rate, not up to the summer of 1946. Conscience is now quite dead, apparently.

Career

WHEN a prig assumes in a high falsetto that smuggling is a crime (as a prig was doing recently in a highbrow paper), ask him what contract is broken by smuggling. There is no contract, and therefore, we suggest, no crime.

In places where smuggling is an age-old hereditary industry, such as the Franco-Spanish-Andorran frontiers, it is tacitly recognised that every decent man concerned has a living to make—the *contrabandista*, the Guardia Civil, and the French frontier-guards alike—and that anyone who starts gun-play on either side is a lowlife rat, fit to be ostracised and damned in every Andorran homestead where the Guardia Civil drop in of a night for a friendly gossip and a glass of *rancio*. The guards may fairly arrest, but do not shoot. This may sound odd when one recalls how slick 18th-century British smugglers were with their firing-irons, but the tough Revenue boys were to blame for that.

Not that our native Georgian smugglers were all Old Wykehamists—their habit of savagely torturing and murdering suspects was reprehensible—but in the matter of shooting they had no choice. Today professional smugglers' manners have vastly improved, as everyone knows. We met one in a West End cocktail-bar who wouldn't raise his hand even to a woman, probably; as indeed his tie proclaimed.

We are now taking you over to Professor Gripe, who will describe life on a prize pig-farm in Bloomsbury.

Revolt

WHILE Yvon ("Cannonball") Petra was beating Tom Brown, of San Francisco, on the Centre Court at Wimbledon the other day, his 3-year-old daughter Marie-Christine burst suddenly into tears and was ordered by the umpire to be removed.

Evidently the child had seen, the day before, those startling Press photographs of an enormous Wimbledon queen dancing with maniac rage and shaking the earth. If *petit Papa* (who stands only 6 ft. 6" in his socks) ever got in wrong with one of those ramping terrors he might be tossed back into circulation in pitiable shape. Unlike the majority of Wimbledon fans Marie-Christine is no masochist, you observe; she does not share the ignoble, delicious shudders with which 10,000 dopes huddling in safety watch the monstrous girls leap and snarl, a spectacle only equalled under Nero. Marie-Christine, poppet, we kiss your tiny hand.

Afterthought

DEBUSSY, who so finely interpreted the sufferings of the children of France in 1914 in his *Noël des Enfants Qui N'Ont Plus de Sabots*, could have set this theme to haunting music, words by Claudel or Aragon:

Elles l'ont abimé, mon pauvre petit Papa;
Il est totalement fichu;
Pleurez, enfants de la France, la fureur wimbledonienne!
Papa est mis en 1547 pièces
Par les reines éléphanesques du lawn-tennis;
Chantez, troupe affreuse d'Erinnyes et de Wal-kyries! (etc.)

Okay, kid. Uncle Cheeriboy is all for you.

Slip

TO hang the President of Bolivia on a lamp-post by way of opening the Summer Revolution Season of 1946 is what every theatre-boy will recognise as poor production, like suddenly introducing a slab of Dostoevsky into a West End leg-show. Somebody should have wired Mr. Cochran.



"I joined the Lancers because I've always had a hankering to charge full tilt with a lance on horseback"



"Don't mind Mervyn, he always slays himself when he tells a joke!"



Two Mayfair Restaurants

Lord Luke of Pavenham and Lady Luke at the Mirabelle.
Lord Luke succeeded his father, the first Baron, in 1943

Major C. R. Scott and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Scott, at the Bagatelle.
Lady Elizabeth Scott is a daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam

Standing By ...

Light-hearted playfulness is the approved note, a South American friend once assured us, of a seasonal entertainment corresponding to a British by-election. A mile or two away from where General Chiconcarne and his boys are shooting hell out of General "Hot" Tamales and his boys for the Presidency, the populace ploughs, reaps, drinks, yawns, makes love, balances accounts, and fingers guitars in placid indifference, well knowing, like most reasonable chaps, that one gang of political comedians resembles another. Hence this lamp-post trick is a bit far, and has probably been condemned already as unsporting in the *La Paz Times* ("... this un-Bolivian procedure...").

The French Revolutionary boys introduced the lamp-post stuff because they were irritated, in a hurry, and egged on by Slogger Marat, a tiger driven crazy by syphilis. No member of the Paris Municipality, when the designs for new lamp-posts were passed in Louis XIV's time, glimpsed the possibilities of that single projecting arm, oddly enough. But neither did the poet Southey (for example) dream that his long poem *The Curse of Kehama* would be used by cruel old ladies in the 1840's to read meek paid companions to death. You can't think of everything.

Highly

A THINKER recently implying that the Race spent all its time during Waterloo Year worrying about Wellington and Napoleon forgot the Pig-Faced Lady of Grosvenor Square, the talk of the town during the late winter of 1814 and for some time afterwards.

It began with an enormous pig's snout, protruding from the latest smart bonnet, being glimpsed in a landau during a Piccadilly-traffic-jam. A yelling mob gathered. The coachman quickly whipped on, and was seen by pursuers to deposit his charming burden at a lady of quality's house in Grosvenor Square. Shortly afterwards a harmless baronet calling at this house found in the drawing-room a fashionably-dressed female figure which suddenly turned towards him a hideous pig's-face and, as he skipped with a shriek for the door, rushed at him with savage grunts and bit him severely on the neck, the wound being dressed later by a Mr. Hawkins, surgeon, of South Audley Street. That's all we can trace of the story. The Race was intensely excited and forgot Boney for several weeks, and the West End printshops were flooded with caricatures of the Baronet and the Pig-Lady.

Footnote

THIS fascinating glimpse of Regency high-life, noted in Captain Gronow's memoirs, reveals that in those days to bite a baronet made News. Today it arouses no comment, as

in the case of a charming baronet we heard of recently who was bitten and stung in one day by gnats, a little actress, a firm of lawyers, remorse, and an impudent bitch from Aberdeen.

Jape

SYNTHETIC golf played with the recent synthetic ball, which drives about 180 yards, as against a normal 200, is making golfers no happier, we gather from a chap in close touch. But golf has nothing to do with happiness anyway.

In a country pub last week we studied very carefully a faded series of "comic" drawings, circa 1900, showing golfers in red coats and knickerbockers. All without exception were mad with rage and misery. At that remote period (we then remembered) there was only one golfer in England who was not a slave to brutish passions and doomed to unhappiness, namely Mr. Arthur Balfour, who had recently introduced the game from Scotland for fun and, in his cool, detached, inhuman way, much enjoyed the results. The Balfour Declaration many years later was another instance of Mr. (now Lord) Balfour's dry Scottish humour.

Why golfballs should not transport the Race into the seventh heaven of pure joy, like every other type of ball, is curious; but every golf-course is an inferno of malice, hate, and frustration. We connect the game with the North Berwick Coven (300 witches, directed by the famous Dr. Fian). But seriously.

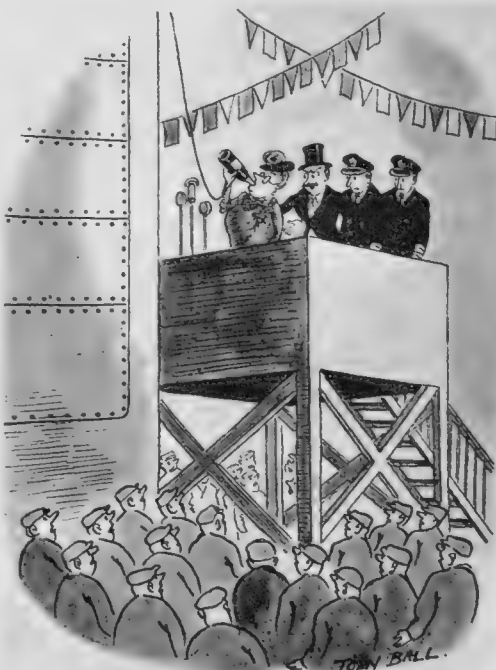
Lavender

SWEETLY old-fashioned we thought a Communist poster rather pointedly ordering comrades marching on Hyde Park to include Park Lane *en route*. Absolute lavender and old pot-pourri.

For Park Lane, having ceased finally to be the lair of a blue-blooded and idle aristocracy somewhere round 1919-20, is today a hive of modest workers—visiting Hollywood film-stars, American (North and South) and other business boys, Black Market operators, art-dealers, company-promoters, racketeers, and whatnot; all busy as bees, and many of them more proletarian than any of the Party's bonzes. For example, a film-director we once viewed reclining, like Madame Récamier, garbed in a cloth-of-gold dressing-robe, in the drawing-room of a Park Lane house, on probably the same sofa on which some Edwardian beauty—spoilt, languid, and lovely as Lady Mary Lasenby in *The Admirable Crichton*—spent all her siestas in the seasons 1901-10. The tableau was patrician, yet when that lordly Oriental figure got going and began bawling his people out you heard all the East Side, with homely locutions fit to stun a Commissar.



"I called an hour ago to collect this portfolio I left on a No. 15 bus. Well, I think I left my umbrella on the counter here"



SCOREBOARD

I TEND to avoid the gentlemen of the Law, finding them, in general, a brood that is given over to black hats and condescension; but ever welcome are the letters I receive from the Resident-Magistrate of Nairobi, M. D. Lyon. In his latest, he wonders if the Government know anything about Kenya.

In the last twenty-five years Lyon was the best batsman who never played for England, and certainly the wittiest. He once made Wilfred Rhodes smile after late-cutting him for four; a feat comparable to making a Plymouth Brother laugh outright at a Sunday golfer. Once it seemed that Lyon, gassed in the first World War, might never play cricket again. But after winning his Blue at Cambridge, where he paid a barber to shave him in his sleep, he became, with Jack MacBryan, the vertebræ of the Somerset batting. In 1922, when M. D. was wicket-keeper for Cambridge, his young brother, Beverley, made 0 and 0 for Oxford. "I told him to do it," said M. D., "and he obeyed me." In 1923, M. D. made a classic century for the Gentlemen at Lord's. Next year he should have gone to Australia with Arthur Gilligan's England team. Instead, head-selector "Shrimp" Leveson-Gower invited him to travel with the Second Eleven to South Africa. Topical as always, Lyon wired back: "Sorry, no; am not sure shrimps make good mothers."

At Cambridge, Claude Hulbert and Lyon were the stars of the footlights, and several London revues were leavened by the Lyon touch in lyrics and music. When composing on the field of play, he sometimes kept wicket rather absently. His father, J. M., weighed 21 stone, but was fond of lawn tennis. He used to play money-matches with his sons, receiving 30 and the right to serve before his opponent was ready. He inserted a challenge in the Press to play any man of the same weight for a fiver. There was one taker, who offered to play if he were allowed to hang an 11-stone weight round his neck.

NO Test Match is quite the thing without Umpire Frank Chester. Technically, he makes hardly one mistake in five years, which is pleasing to the participants. Aesthetically, he is a triumph. He can make a leg-by-bye look the one thing that matters in an aimless world, and in his signalling of a wide there are both contempt and sympathy. Near the end of the Manchester Test, when only one wicket stood between England and victory, Alec Bedser appealed for l.b.w. against the gallant and obstacurular Sohoni. The whole ground gave him out—except Frank Chester. I fancy he misses his former partner Bill Reeves. It was Reeves who, when a batsman in a County match complained that someone was moving about above the sight-screen, said: "That is a local resident, watching without payment; but you can't have a lady removed from the front parlour of her private domicile." Then there is Alec Skelding, who, at the end of the first day's play in the Test Trial at Canterbury, removed the bails with: "And that concludes the first part of our entertainment."

DOZENS of cricketers, and most of all the professionals, will be sorry that Lt.-Col. S. C. (Billy) Griffith has not been picked for the England team to tour Australia. He and his companion of the-Sussex eleven, Hugh Bartlett, transferred to the Airborne together. They spent many hours in a slit trench near Arnheim. I asked them how they passed the time. "We went," said Griffith, "through all the cricket matches we'd played in together." "No," said Bartlett, "not all. Only those we'd done well in."

by R.C. Rolston Glasgow.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

The R.C.T.C.—A Letter

A CORRESPONDENT who is still in the Cauldron of the East, but has, so he says, decided to get out of it as quickly as he can, has written me a very long letter about some recent notes in this page on the possibilities where the future government of racing in India is concerned, if the present controlling authorities, the R.C.T.C. and the R.W.I.T.C., should decide that their continued existence under the coming régime is impossible.

My unknown friend, who, for reasons which are readily understandable, desires complete anonymity, writes so much in his letter that it may not be politic to publish that it is proposed only to pick passages which are cognate to racing. Here are some of them: "Your temperate recital of the facts displays intimate knowledge. . . . Your supposition is far from problematical. The question you put has been agitating a good many of us who have a stake (racing and otherwise) in India. Supposing the two clubs do decide to leave India to stew in her own juice, is it certain that the Jockey Club would be ready to accord recognition to any new racing authority which might set itself up? What claim to confidence could it put forward? In *The Rules of Racing Under the Jockey Club*, Part I, Rule I, there are these pronouncements: 'The recognised turf authorities of Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands are: The Jockey Club, The National Hunt Committee, The Turf Club of Ireland, The Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Committee, The Channel Islands Racing and Hunt Club. . . . A recognised turf authority is the authority responsible for controlling racing in the country concerned. A recognised meeting is a meeting held under the sanction of a recognised turf authority. The following other recognised turf authorities have an arrangement with the Jockey Club for the mutual enforcement of sentences passed on offenders. . . .'

"Then follows the long list with which, of course, you are familiar, and in which are included the R.C.T.C. and the R.W.I.T.C. Any horse which runs at an unrecognised meeting is *ipso facto* (Rule 66) banned from competing at any meeting under the rules of a recognised authority. It is further a disqualified horse, *i.e.*, one that cannot be of any further use for racing. Suppose any new racing government, which may take the place of the R.C.T.C. and the R.W.I.T.C., is so unlucky as not to obtain recognition by the Jockey Club, what then? The possibility has been discussed by myself and other owners out here, and we take a quite definite view. We do not believe

that any such new authority would stand an immediate chance of recognition, in view of the extremely uncertain political outlook, and, further, we do not believe that any such new authority as is adumbrated would have the capacity to step into the shoes of the two existing turf authorities in India. What is the view in England? The question you raise as to the large accumulated funds of the R.C.T.C. and its property at Barrackpore, and elsewhere, is well taken. It has, I know, increased the already great feeling of uneasiness."

A Reply

IT is not possible for any private individual with no official status to do more than offer an opinion upon any such matters as may have come to the surface. All that was attempted in my recent notes was to marshal such facts as were known to those who had been intimately connected with racing in India over a long period of years. Whether the two turf authorities in India have placed a case, which at the moment is hypothetical, before the Stewards of the Jockey Club, I am not in a position to know, and I should consider it in the nature of an impertinence on the part of a private individual to seek to extract secret information from any of the parties concerned.

If, as my correspondent seems to fear, the new administration in India contemplates sweeping away such things as the existing turf clubs, and substituting an Indian Jockey Club, then a definite problem would at once emerge. If, as is further suggested, any such new authority failed to obtain recognition by the Jockey Club under Rule I, it would strike a blow far deeper than the matter of the race-horse and his qualification; it would completely kill the horse trade between India, the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, and, in fact, the whole of the horse-breeding world.

For years past there has been an effort to foster and increase bloodstock breeding in India, and a measure of success has been achieved, in spite of the climatic disadvantages. If India elects for complete severance, which might include the abolition of the existing turf authorities, this industry might well come to a full stop.

The question of whether the Jockey Club would extend recognition to any new Turf authority in India would hinge upon the opinion formed by the Stewards as to its status and stability. For instance, an outbreak of internecine strife might cause the Stewards of the Jockey Club to pause very considerably before coming to any decision at all. As to the



Summer Racing in Ireland: Leopardstown

Mrs. C. P. Todd, the U.S.A. tennis player, with F/Lieut. J. Sutherland, R.A.F. Mrs. Todd, who played at Wimbledon this year, has been competing in the Irish Tennis Championships

Lady Nelson (left), wife of Sir James Nelson, Bt., the racehorse owner and breeder. (Right) Miss Marie Fawcitt, who is the daughter of Judge Diarmaid Fawcitt and Mrs. Fawcitt

By "Sabretache"

accumulated funds and other property of the two existing Turf clubs, these are private assets, and any attempt to sequester or acquire them upon the part of any succeeding turf authority, put quite baldly, would be theft.

The disposition of such accumulated funds and property would be at the absolute discretion of the two Turf clubs, and it would be unlikely that either the R.C.T.C. or the R.W.I.T.C. would feel disposed to make a free gift of them to any new authority. It therefore would fall out that the new authority would be compelled to start from scratch, and find the money to endow the various big races at present in existence.

The first essential, however, would be "Recognition"; everything would stand or fall by that, and, speaking quite personally, I should say that it is very doubtful whether the Jockey Club would be in favour of granting it until they know a great deal more about how things are going to pan out.

Old Sporting Landmarks

If the new authority controlling racing in India comes into existence, certain very ancient landmarks will automatically disappear. For instance, the Viceroy's Cup, established in 1856, could have no further significance, and the trophy presented by the reigning Viceroy would be withdrawn; and this would also go for the King-Emperor's Cup (one mile), which is of later foundation.

Both these races are well endowed by the R.C.T.C., and the same is the case where the Merchants' Cup, the Macpherson Cup, and many other well-established races are concerned. Not only are the stakes to the winner substantial in these events, but there is good money for the placed horses, and this is the case in every race in the Indian calendar. The added money all came out of the treasure chest of the R.C.T.C., and if this source is withdrawn the new authority may at first be somewhat hard-put to find the money necessary to maintain the importance of these various events. If the stakes were not forthcoming it would undoubtedly have an effect upon the support which these races obtained, and owners from all over the world might not think it worth their while to send entries for them.

In other departments of sport some other landmarks will naturally disappear. For instance, the Indian Polo Association and the Army Polo Association; the Meerut Tent Club, which runs the Kadir Cup, the world's pig-sticking Blue Ribbon; the Calcutta Paper Chase Cup, which is of ancient foundation, and many other things could not possibly go on.



Races, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

The Earl of Fingall, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, Captain Hector Christie and Lady Jean Christie, who is a daughter of the Marquess of Zetland



ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK

Symbol

GLENWAY WESTCOTT's short novel, *The Pilgrim Hawk* (Hamish Hamilton; 5s.), is subtitled "A Love Story"—never, probably, has a stranger story of love been written since the epoch of D. H. Lawrence. To suggest that Mr. Westcott resembles Lawrence would be completely misleading; and I do not do so. The four chief human characters in *The Pilgrim Hawk* are essentially people of the world—we are allowed to see their imprisoned struggles inside the wrappings of their conventionality, but not one ever quite breaks out: nothing violent happens. We are left with the feeling that these four are at the edge of a gulf; but, equally, that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Cullen, Alex Henry, nor the young man who tells the story, will take the ultimate, fatal, forward step.

The central character is the hawk, the hawk Lucy, carried into a house on a woman's wrist. And it is in his treatment of Lucy that Mr. Westcott reaches a visionary concentration only known, to me, in D. H. Lawrence's writing about birds and animals. Every movement made by Mrs. Cullen's hawk throughout an over-long afternoon and evening is not only clear to the mind's eye, but burns itself, uncannily, into one's imagination. Why? Because the hawk becomes, to the "I" of the story, a symbol of amorous desire.

"Lucy's hungry," she said solemnly.

"Feel her breast." She took my hand and held it against the tasselled plumage; and, indeed, there was a humming and stiffening in it, like a little voltage of electricity. Her eyes were moist and explosive; and the instant her mistress's eyes released them, down they went to the gauntlet, as if expecting a feathery form in agony to materialise out of the leather.

"Feel her feet," Mrs. Cullen added; and I did, while she explained that birds always have a higher temperature than animals. Fever heat, and yet they were slick and dry like a serpent. . . . My pleasure in touching them was half-embarrassment; and it set my mind running back to the thought I had left off half an hour ago; that this hawk's hunger was like amorous appetite. . . . It all came together like one large composite phrase: old bachelor hungry bird, ageing-hungry-man-bird, and how I hate desire, how I need pleasure, how I adore love, how difficult middle age must be!

Then, I lamented to myself, if your judgment is poor you fall in love with those who could not possibly love you. If romance of the past has done you any harm, you will not be able to hold on to love when you do attain it; your grasp will be out of alignment. Or pity or self-pity may have blunted your hand so that it makes no mark. Back you fly to your perch, ashamed as well as frustrated. Life is almost all perch.

Visit

WHAT is the actual story of *The Pilgrim Hawk*? Brief enough; and—but for its intense core of poetic meaning—meaningless as most of the days in life. The time is May 1928—or was it, the speaker wonders, May '29?

At any rate, a mellow year of the 'twenties, when "vagaries of character, and the various war and peace that goes on inside the psyche, seemed of the greatest interest and importance." The scene, charming Alex Henry's charming house in a village outside Paris. Here, Alex and the friend who loves her, but whom she does not love, are halfway through the course of a quiet day when the Cullens' Daimler draws up outside. Enter the Irish couple—middle-aged, rich, loquacious, and with the declared intention of spending the afternoon and staying to dinner. Enter, also, the hawk on Mrs. Cullen's wrist. One talks; one goes for a stroll in the park of a little château; one returns to drink; the hawk is fed. There is rising tension, and one sinister though muted-down episode, as the evening goes on. Off stage, Miss Henry's Mediterranean servants, Jean and Eva, prepare what is to be an inspired dinner; the Cullens' spoilt, good-looking English chauffeur takes his ease and drinks wine at the kitchen table. Incidentally, these three servants are as brilliantly drawn and "realised" as are the major characters: in their own way they contribute scarcely less to the atmosphere of the curious, visionary and uneasy day.

Everything, in fact, is in the drawing, and in the realisation. The Cullens—ordinary enough, handsome, fading couple of good-timers—are presented in their dual relationship to the hawk; which is, somehow, their relationship to each other. The enchanted, loveless peace between Alex Henry and the young man ("I"), is left to rock in the Cullens' wake. No, there are no two ways about *The Pilgrim Hawk*: it is either a work of genius or a fanciful trifle. Myself, I incline to the former view. Since his last famous novel, *Household in Athens*, Glenway Westcott has come to be rated as high in Europe as he is in his native country, America.

Jacobite's Homecoming

"RETURN TO COTTINGTON" (Longmans; 8s. 6d.) is the second novel of Francis Bamford—who, about two years ago, gave us *What Stranger Cause?* This is a writer who has the merit of being totally original: the distinction of his imagination and his style, though neither of these is obtrusively "odd," is haunting. *Return to Cottingham* is, like its predecessor, set in the eighteenth century, in the county of Southshire, and has the locale of an exquisite country house. Cottingham, home of the Amberleys, is indeed a masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren's. In this second novel we have no supernatural element; instead, the author presents us with what he convincingly calls one of the great unsolved crime mysteries of the past. Who shot Mark Amberley, squire of Cottingham, in his own park, the day after his return home from a twenty-three-years exile, penalty of his adherence to the Jacobite cause?

The teller of the story is Nicholas Quoyers—who was also narrator, you may remember, in *What Stranger Cause?* Nicholas Quoyers (our contemporary) having inherited Long Withern, a manor in the neighbourhood of Cottingham,



The Optimist

"And if you want a land mural, I shall be perfectly willing to pose," says the Regent's Park Zoo ostrich. "I believe I am as beautiful as any fish—or mermaid for that matter—and my long, graceful neck would cover quite a lot of wall by itself"



REVIEWS

finds among his own family papers a packet which proves to relate to the Cottington mystery, and to throw a new light on that affair. The fascination of the research is doubled by the fact that Nicholas is himself descended from the Amberleys—he has a particular interest in clearing the ancestral name. For, while the mystery remains unsolved, suspicion continues to attach either to Lady Lavinia Amberley, wife of the murdered Jacobite, or to one or another of the dead man's three children, Matthew, Hugh and Hope. All three, in fact, had had reasons to dread their discredited, difficult father's homecoming. As for Lady Lavinia, she would appear to have felt apprehensive as to the return of her husband after her twenty-three years of virtual widowhood and undivided control of the estate.

Human Element

SUCH modern detectives as Lord Peter Wimsey, S. M. Hercule Poirot, Inspector French and Miss Marple have all, Nicholas Quoyers tells us, set out their own solutions of that long-ago crime. The Long Withern papers now enable Nicholas to set aside, respectfully, a number of clever theories, and to reach what was, indubitably, the truth. *Return to Cottington* is written as though derived from sources—letters, old newspapers, diaries; and this delightful fiction of research is maintained throughout. There is, for instance, no dialogue. The physical personalities of Mark Amberley and his wife and children are assembled from family portraits; the foibles and temperaments of the different Amberleys have been deduced from their diaries and their letters. The second is, vividly, set out of Nicholas's personal knowledge of Cottington (alas, in his own day a maternity hospital) and its surroundings.

This deductive, speculative manner of telling a story is well suited to Mr. Bamford's style. His knowledge of the eighteenth century—its mind, its manners, its harshnesses, its proprieties and its turns of speech—give verisimilitude to the quotations from the supposed "Amberley papers." His sense of the atmosphere of a period, and his at once deep and delicate perceptions of character, come into happy play. I hope I make it clear that *Return to Cottington* is not simply a detective story in "period" guise. Rather, the solution of the mystery has been made the excuse for a close psychological study of long-dead people. Lady Lavinia, her second son, Hugh, and her daughter, Hope, are rare creatures, worthily drawn. But the dominating character is the ill-fated Mark—that extravagant and high-hearted romanticist who, unsatisfied by the building of Gothic ruins and the installation of a resident hermit, took horse and rode north from Southshire in '45 to throw in his fortunes with Prince Charlie's.

Beatrix Potter

"THE TALE OF BEATRIX POTTER," by Margaret Lane (Warne; 12s. 6d.), is likely to be one of the most-sought-after biographies

"The Pilgrim Hawk"

"Return to Cottington"

"The Tale of Beatrix Potter"

of this summer. Mystery—largely due to her own fierce wish for personal privacy—enveloped, throughout her lifetime, the character of the creator of "Peter Rabbit" and all his company. By the time of Beatrix Potter's death, in December 1943, two generations of children had grown up on the Peter Rabbit books: these, indeed, I believe, are an indivisible part of all happier Anglo-Saxon childhoods—no small part of the heaven that lay around us in infancy. Of such a heaven, the child does not ask the source; but the individual, as he or she grows up, cannot but wonder as to the hand behind it. Who was, where was, what was Beatrix Potter? Seldom can any woman have been so widely loved and so little known.

"Why," asks Miss Lane, "are the Beatrix Potter books—some of them after forty years of familiarity—still incomparably the favourites of the nursery, and as well known in their details to at least one generation of adults as traditional fairy-tales?" The question is answered in one critical chapter of an otherwise straightforward life-story. The books are good art—and, something more: into them was secreted the love, the tenderness and the magic of what might have been a warped and frustrated life. For, truly, Beatrix Potter's circumstances—up to her happy marriage when she was fifty—were fantastic. She was an extreme case of the late-Victorian repressed daughter—child of a frigid nursery at the top of a pompous, lifeless, loveless South Kensington house (the creator of joy for so many children had only, when she was five years old, a limp white flannelette pig to play with); retiring, timid young girl for whom no parties were given, who did not know how to dance; and middle-aged London spinster, still chained to the parental chariot wheels. When her friendship with Frederick Warne, junior partner in her publisher's firm, ripened into mutual love, her parents forbade the marriage of their thirty-nine-year-old daughter on the grounds that publishing was "trade." The success of her books, her increasing income from them, was a cause of umbrage to Mr. and Mrs. Potter. Beatrix made her first break for freedom when, out of her royalties, she bought a Cumberland farm. Here they let her pass a month or two in the year. Her almost poetic joy in Hill Top Farm transmuted itself into those little, great books. Her great creative period was between 1902 and 1912. After her marriage to William Heelis, what might be called her centre shifted from art to life.

As Mrs. Heelis of Sawrey—tough, cheerful countrywoman, breeder and judge of sheep—what might seem a new incarnation began. The fair, delicate-featured child, girl and girl-woman vanishes. . . . *Peter Rabbit*, *Squirrel Nutkin*, *The Tailor of Gloucester*, *Jemima Puddle-Duck*, *Tom Kitten*, *Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle*, and the rest, were, in fact, the creations of a prolonged infancy. Out of fascinating material, Miss Lane has produced a first-rate book—suggesting much but never probing too deeply.



Spirit of the English Channel

The sun balcony of the Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Winter Gardens is now the richer for these lively and highly decorative murals by Miss E. M. Swaffield, A.R.C.A. She executed them for the Ventnor Urban District Council on the recommendation of Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, the architect, made at a Town and Country Planning Conference held at Ventnor last autumn.



GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Retallack — Bayley

Captain John Retallack, Welsh Guards, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Retallack, of Hyde Park Garden Mews, W.2, married Miss Elizabeth Bayley, only child of Col. and Mrs. George Bayley, of Lyall Mews, Chesham Place, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Brownrigg — Cayzer

Lt.-Cdr. John Studholme Brownrigg, R.N., only son of the late Admiral Sir Studholme and Lady Brownrigg, married Miss Deva Cayzer, eldest daughter of the late Sir Charles Cayzer, and of Lady Cayzer, of Kinpurnie Castle, Angus, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Mackay — Younger

Lt. Dennis H. Mackay, D.S.C., R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Mackay, of Nelson, New Zealand, married Miss Mary Elizabeth Younger, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. P. Younger, of Arnsbrae, Cambus, at St. John's, Alloa



Wilson — Baillieu

Mr. Robert Rutlan Wilson, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wilson, of San Francisco, California, U.S.A., married Miss Yvette Latham Baillieu, daughter of Sir Clive and Lady Baillieu, of Park Wood, Englefield Green, Surrey, at the Royal Chapel, Windsor Great Park



Dampney — Lodge

Mr. G. K. Dampney, second son of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Dampney, of Ringwood, Hampshire, married Miss Dorothy L. Lodge, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edmund Lodge, of Adel, Yorks., at St. John the Baptist, Adel, Yorks.



Bailey — Stormonth Darling

Sir Derrick Thomas Louis Bailey, Bt., son of the late Sir Abe Bailey, Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Bailey, of Stud House, Oakham, Rutland, married Miss Katherine Nancy Stormonth Darling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Stormonth Darling, of Rosebank, Kelso, at St. Andrew's, Kelso, Roxburghshire



Bowater — Martin

Capt. Geoffrey Beech Bowater, R.A., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Bowater, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, married Mrs. Veronica Lucia Martin, widow of F/Lt. Martin, R.A.F., and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Thackeray, of Torquay and Walmer, at St. Mary's, Walmer



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Jean Lorimer's Page



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SILHOUETTE is a Court-style sling back. Made in tan and hazel calf, it is smart without the sacrifice of comfort



FAIRY WEDGE is light-weight, just the thing for summer days. The open toe and sling-back wedge heel make it the ideal all-day shoe



Photographs by Anthony Buckley

Pamela's choice is a "Random Rocker." Of snow-white calf, it has an open toe and the new sling-back wedge heel. Her dress, which is of wool, printed in a tie-silk design, is from Fortnum and Mason

BEST FOOT FORWARD



BAL MUSETTE is of black suede with open toe and cut-out trimming. A curl of suede swings over the instep



COCKTAIL is flattering to every foot. The black suede is gathered in front. The instep strap gives a slim, elegant look

All the shoes on this page are by Brevitt. They are on sale at Simpson's, Piccadilly, and at Lilley & Skinner, Oxford Street, London

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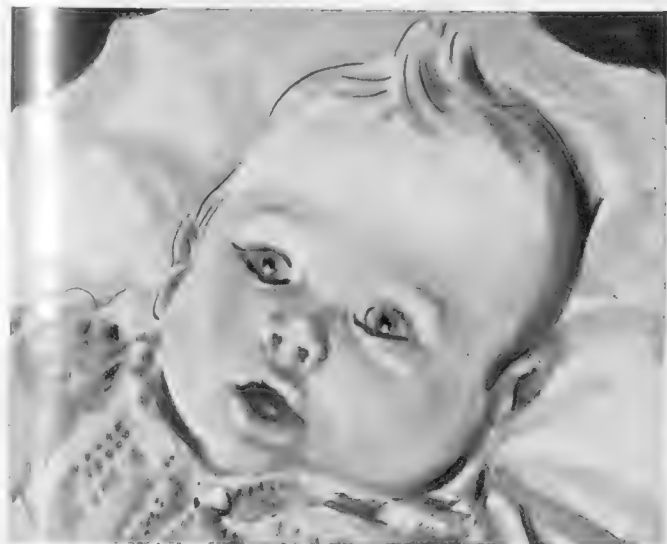
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

"WHAT kind of sport has our distinguished guest had?" a onetime Viceroy of India asked the servant who had attended an American guest. "Oh," replied the Hindu, "the young Sahib shot divinely, but Providence was merciful to the birds."

THE farmer took his young hopeful to the market. "Dad," asked the boy, "why does that man pinch the cow in the leg?"

"He wants to see if it is sound before he buys it," explained the farmer.

"Dad," remarked the boy presently, "I think the postman wants to buy our cook."

TWO soldiers had both been seriously wounded in their legs, and after months of careful treatment and medical skill they eventually reached the stage when they could hobble along slowly on crutches.

They decided to celebrate their new-found walking ability by a drink, but they only had a few coppers between them, so they asked the landlord how much a drink apiece would cost.

"Forget it boys," he replied. "You fought for me and mine, so here's a bottle of Scotch; take it over in that corner and enjoy yourselves."

They emptied that bottle in a remarkably short time, and decided to return to the hospital. Just as they were nearing the gates one of them suddenly stopped and said:

"We're in for a row from the M.O. if he spots us."

"What for?" asked the second.

"Why, man, we've left our crutches behind."

A NEW Truman story from America tells how a man approached the President with the plea: "So-and-so, who was Assistant Vice-Consul at —, has just died. Do you think my nephew might take his place?"

"I haven't the least objection," replied Mr. Truman, "if he can arrange it with the undertaker."

THEY were driving along in a car.

Said she: "Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

Said he, expectantly: "Yes, indeed."

"Well, keep your eyes open; we'll be passing there in a few minutes."

AT a recent dinner given by the Duchess of La Rochefoucault, the ambassador of a friendly nation congratulated the police chief on his work of personally supervising travel permits.

M. Luezet replied smilingly: "I sometimes get surprises."

The other day I reproached an honest-looking business-man and asked him, 'How is it that a man of your standing has allowed himself to use a forged permit?' He answered in an aggrieved tone: 'Considering the price I paid for it, sir, I thought it was genuine.'

DURING the war some waxwork models had been stored away for safety, and hostilities being over they were being brought out for display again. One of the models was a lifelike figure of Henry VIII, and he was being pushed on a trolley by a rather short workman. A near-sighted woman walking along the corridor, seeing the model coming towards her apparently of its own accord, gave one shriek and fled.

The workman, who had been hidden behind the figure, looked at the woman vanishing into the distance and then at the model. "Blimey! You at it again!" he cried.



Miss Helen Roberts, who plays many of the soprano roles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. She is a member of the d'Oyly Carte Opera company which is doing a season at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith

A MEMBER of a firm which made novelties rushed into his partner's office with a rough model of something he had just thought of. It was pretty complicated.

"Look!" he said. "I've got an inkwell, calendar, small clock, paper-weight, pencil-sharpener—see! At the back of the calendar—place for stamps. Nice, eh? And look, this bronze dog is a fine decoration—and off comes his head for cigarettes."

The other partner studied the contraption for quite a long time.

"It's superb," he said at last, but he added, doubtfully, "it lacks something. I don't know what, but—ah! I've got it!" he pounded the table enthusiastically. "From somewhere could come music!"

DURING the Victory weekend, when all the "pubs" ran out of beer, a man travelled miles on his bicycle and at last managed to buy two bottles. Putting these in his pockets, he began to ride home.

On the way, he was unfortunate enough to fall off his cycle, and upon rising he felt something wet running down his side.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "I hope that's blood!"

MAMMA Skunk was worried because she could never keep track of her two children. They were named In and Out, and whenever In was in, Out was out; and if Out was in, In was out. One day she called Out in to her and told him to go out and bring In in. So Out when out and in no time at all he brought In in.

"Wonderful!" said Mamma Skunk. "How in all that great forest could you find him in so short a time?"

"It was easy," said Out. "In stinct."

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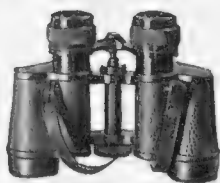
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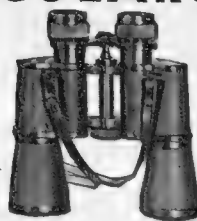
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

GR^{EAT} things are in the offing. There is the attempt on the world speed record—to be made in August if present arrangements go through—and then, in the first part of September, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display at Radlett, Herts. Finally, as a climax to the aeronautical affairs of the year, there is the Paris show in the Grand Palais in November.

These things are not only good in themselves. They are also good indirectly, in that they focus the attention of large numbers of people upon aviation. They turn the thoughts of many hundreds of thousands of those who would not otherwise be considering it, towards flying; and that is the starting point of interest.

To bring out the savour of these shows to the best advantage there must be international rivalry. For instance, the world speed record becomes more arresting if it is known that the Americans are preparing to attempt to improve on the British record. The technical achievements to be illustrated at the Paris show gain in interest because one country's work can be compared with the work of other countries.

Private "Records"

THIS international rivalry sometimes has one effect against which the instructed must be on their guard. It is the tendency to make big claims. We all do it at one time or another and I am not suggesting it is more an American than a British characteristic.

Before the world speed record is attacked, for instance, I expect we shall hear of dozens of "records." And we have already heard of a height "record." Let me beg all those who want to see the truth prevail to refuse to take the slightest notice of record claims unless these are confirmed by the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale*. An F.A.I. record is something; no other kind of record is anything.

All the big aeronautical countries of the world joined the F.A.I., partly because it was recognized that there must be accepted conditions for the comparison of aircraft performance. There must be no



Three of the Pilots who are to attempt to beat the world air speed record of 606 m.p.h. They are: S/Ldr. W. A. Waterton, A.F.C., of Canada, F/Lieut. N. F. Duke, D.S.O., D.F.C., and G/Capt. E. M. Donaldson, D.S.O., A.F.C., who is C.O. of the High Speed Flight. They are to fly Gloster Meteor IV fighters, powered by two Rolls-Royce Derwent V gas turbines

risk of an aircraft speed done under one set of conditions being compared with one done under another and different set.

Air records are absorbingly interesting provided they are done under standardized, well thought out, carefully controlled conditions. That is how F.A.I. records are made.

The Positive Approach

I MUST touch on one other, wider aspect of these record-breaking attempts and aero shows. They are an especially cheerful sign in that they show that the reign of force is ending and the reign of persuasion returning.

More and more, aviation will depend upon convincing individuals that it is worth while. The industrial and operational sides will rest upon good will. We shall make aeroplanes not because an enemy is forcing us to make them; but because we like them and want them.

I am optimistic enough to think that the atomic bomb may be an aid to aviation in this respect. I mean that if, as some suggest, atomic bombs will be conveyed to their targets in the future by guided missile rather than by aeroplane, then the size of air forces throughout the world will diminish.

It sounds at first a terrible thing to contemplate the disappearance of the Royal Air Force and of the Fleet Air Arm. But if aviation could—without endangering the country—develop without a military objective, it would in the end be wholly beneficial.

At any rate, the small steps that have already been taken to turn aviation from a State controlled weapon of war to an amenity of civilian life are to be welcomed.

Pressurization

BEFORE the pressurization of aircraft cabins can be looked on as a normal feature of long-range transport aircraft, a good deal of further research work will have to be done. I hear of more than one British company that is tackling the problem on a big scale and I think that soon we shall be on the way to success.

It would be a great triumph for British aviation if, in addition to taking the lead in turbojets, it could also take the lead in pressurization.

Meanwhile, it looks as if the aircraft which represent a cautious adaptation of military machines are, after all, going to be the most useful during the coming months. The more advanced types seem to be meeting trouble—which is, after all, the way these things usually turn out. But aircraft directly descended from well-tried military types are proving their worth.

The Vickers Viking seems to me likely to establish itself as a sound, trustworthy and by no means slow medium transport. Everyone I meet who has flown it or flown in it, speaks well of its qualities. Moreover, it does look good. The only thing I regret about it is that it has not a tricycle undercarriage; but to fit this would have set back production a great deal.

Ethics of Air-Whaling

I DO not know enough about whaling to be sure whether to welcome John Grierson's flight of Walruses, amphibian aircraft which are to be used for directing the hunt and so increasing the kill. But I do know that competent men have deplored the way in which we over-fish and over-hunt almost every wild creature, with the aid of scientific and technical equipment.

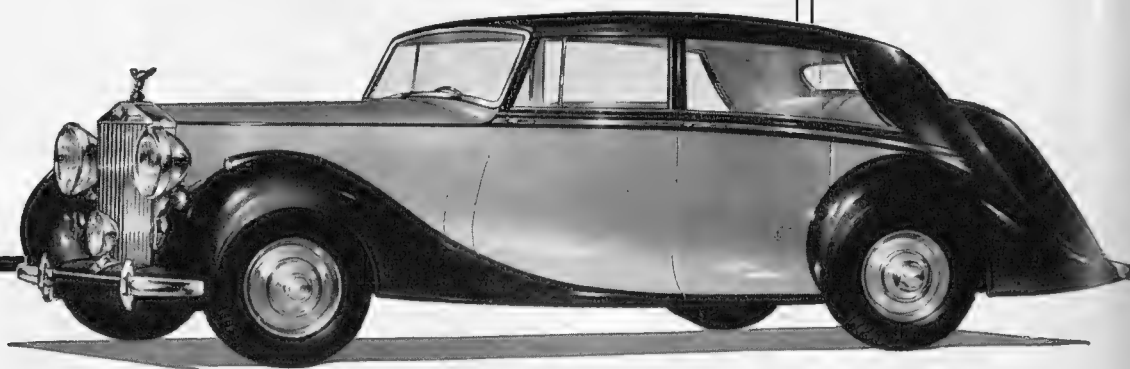
My own emotional reaction is one of disgust at the thought of aircraft and radio being used to slaughter wild creatures in vast numbers, either for commercial gain or for industrial or national advantage.



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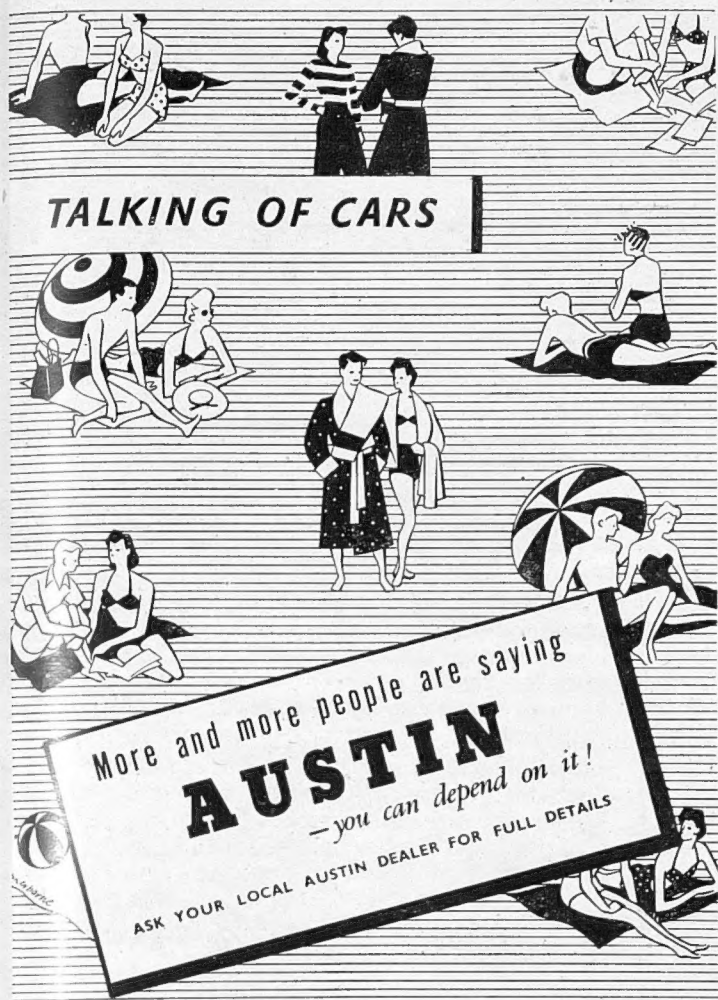


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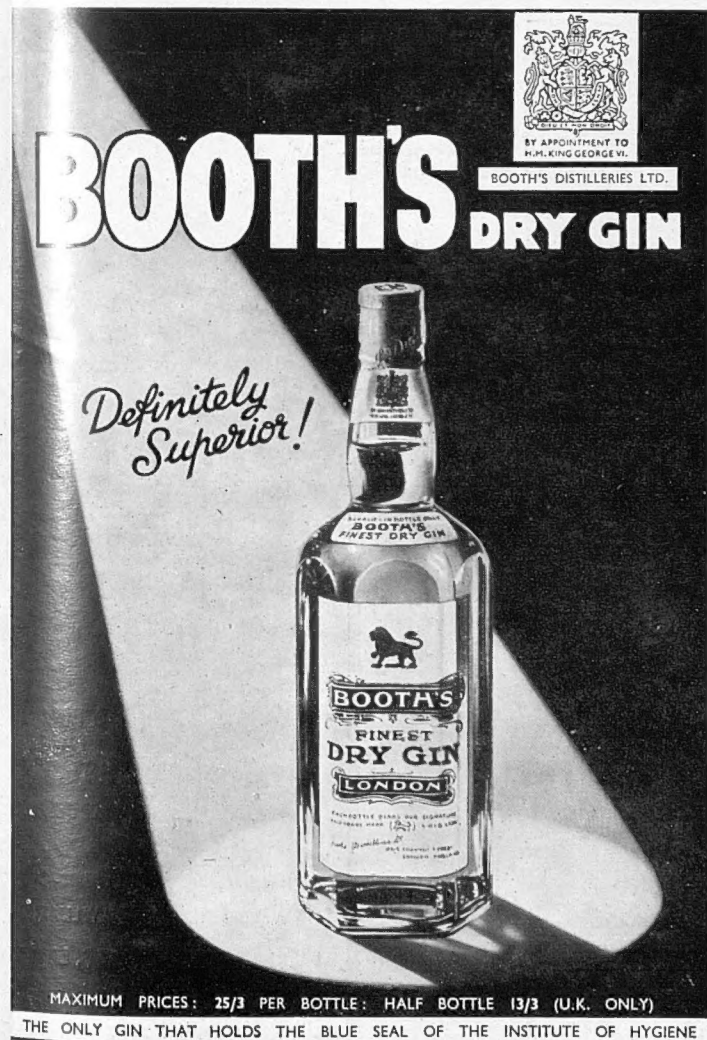
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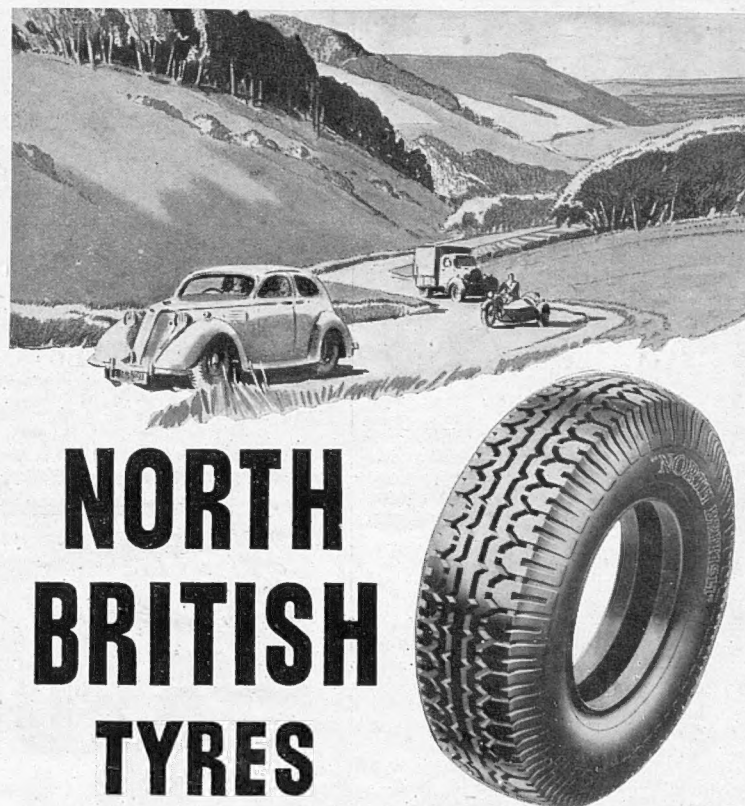
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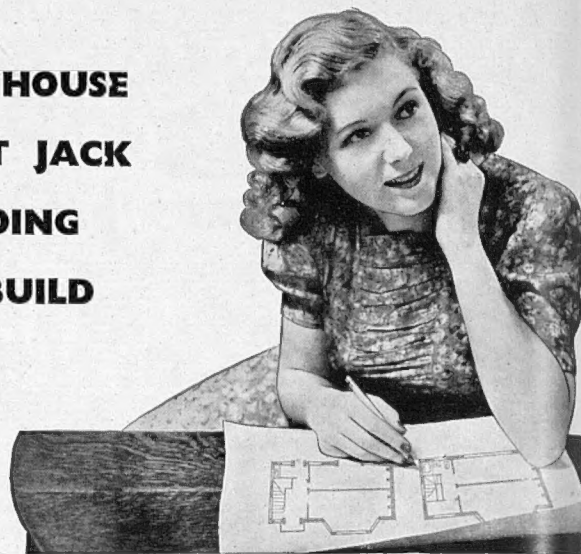


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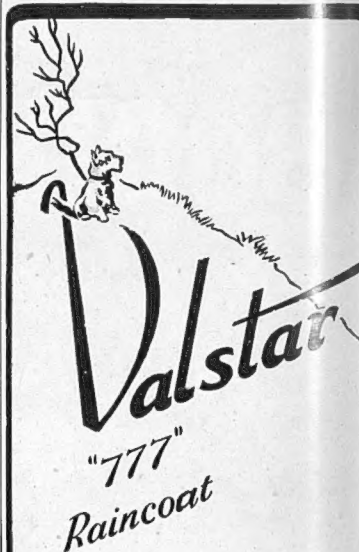
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A BOUQUET FROM CANADA

... "a lovely record"



Unfailing dispatch of newspapers — whether to a village in the homeland or to some far-away spot within the Empire, is the oldest Smith tradition, and great efforts have been made to maintain that tradition throughout the recent years of war. Bouquets such as this one from Canada make that effort seem well worth while: "This is the fiftieth year I have been subscribing for newspapers through your firm, and in all these years never but one paper that did not arrive as it should. . . . This is a lovely record."

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After strain, relaxation. After work, some pleasant hours—the laughter of friends, the companionship of books, or the delights of the garden. And when the long day is over—rest. That is nature's order. Wise are those who take thought to rebuild their strength for the morrow. They know that to soothe and gently nourish the tired system, there is a sovereign prescription: Horlicks. A glass at bedtime helps you to relax in a delicious drowsiness—forerunner of the deep, unbroken sleep from which you awake filled with fresh energy.

Unfortunately, Horlicks is not yet plentiful, and hospitals have prior claims. But your Horlicks dealer, you may be sure, tries to share out as fairly as possible what he has.

HORLICKS

Although high grade shoes are restricted, Norwell's may still be able to help you. Write today—your enquiries will have the personal attention of "The man behind the boot."

Norwell's
OF PERTH

NORWELL'S PERTH FOOTWEAR LTD.
PERTH, SCOTLAND

**TRUST THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOT**

Lystalite
Hats

SMITH & LISTER LTD
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Pedlar Brand
SLOE GIN



This world-famous liqueur is still obtainable from Wine Merchants but, at present, in very limited quantities.



GRIGOR for
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Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although
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INVERNESS

Manufactured entirely in
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Barling
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Take care of your Barling Pipe. When available the very limited supplies are sent to Barling Agents.

Prices are as follows

	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Standard or Sandblast	11/6	15/6	18/6	22/6
Ye Olde Wood	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Selected Grains	16/6	21/-	24/6	28/6

Letters S.S., S-M., L., E.L., on each pipe indicate size:—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Large and Extra-Large

Index of sizes clearly marked on each stem.
Manufactured by
B. BARLING & SONS (Est. in London 1812)
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"



At the Mermaid

Of all the old London taverns which have disappeared none is so well known and honoured as the Mermaid.

Although no trace of it remains and even its very site is disputed — some say it was in Bread Street and some in Friday Street — it will always be remembered as the meeting place of those mighty wits of the Elizabethan age.

Raleigh, Ben Johnson, Shakespeare and others were frequenters.

What healths were drunk! What impromptus lost to the world does Beaumont hint at in

*What things have seen
Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flames,
As if that everyone from whom they came,
Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest!*

Schweppe[★]

*Table Waters
famous since 1790*

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard wartime product — but Schweppes will return